YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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By the men . . for the men in the service

SEA SOLDIER

Fighter Group That Shot Down 74 Enemy Planes

PAGE 3

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FEEDING THE STING INTO THE WING OF ONE OF THE 57TH'S P-40 FIGHTERS IN NORTH AFRICA. THOSE ARE .50 CALIBER ROUNDS. THE INSIGNIA ON THE PLANE IS TH

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FIGHTER ESCORTS

EARLY CHOW, AS A FLIGHT OF THE 57TH LEAVES ON A DAWN MISSION. THE DOG IS INTERESTED, TOO.

...erican Air Force youngsters ran interference ...mery's British Eighth Army all the way from ...o Tunis, finally shooting down 74 enemy ...ver the Straits of Sicily to win one of the ...st single aerial engagements in history.

By Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

CAIRO—On sunny Palm Sunday over the Straits of Sicily, the youngsters of the U. S. Army Air Forces' 57th Fighter Group shot down 74 German and Italian sky transports and pursuit planes in one of the greatest single aerial engagements in history. But still the pilots and the ground crews in this veteran African outfit are not satisfied.

"Give us some Mustangs and we'll really show you something," they tell you when you try to hand them compliments.

The big battle over the Straits of Sicily was a fitting climax to the 57th's campaign in Africa. All the way from Alamein to Tunis, they ran interference for Montgomery's British Eighth Army, destroying enemy planes and landing fields, strafing Axis motor convoys and assuming the role of fighter-bombers to pound Rommel's concentrations on land and transports at sea.

When the last Tunisian stronghold fell and the 57th was officially advised that "a bomb line no longer exists in North Africa," the four squadrons in the outfit had rolled up this impressive final score:

152 enemy planes destroyed.
18 enemy planes probably destroyed.
77 enemy planes damaged.
Approximately 12 enemy freighters and naval craft destroyed or damaged.

The kids in the 57th—it's difficult to find one over 24 and the commanding officer, Col. Charles Salisbury of Sedalia, Mo., is only 26 years old—like to point out that this record was made with P-40s, ships that could not take general initiative over the more wieldy ME-109s and had to battle whenever they went into the air.

Then how did the fighter pilots in the 57th operate so successfully under this handicap?

Well, they explain, up to a certain altitude the P-40s had an advantage over the German pursuit ships, and the 57th pilots learned to trick the Nazi into fighting them at that height. When the ME-190s came down and engaged them at their level, the 40s were able to turn inside the enemy thrusts, using aviation's equivalent of the boxer's

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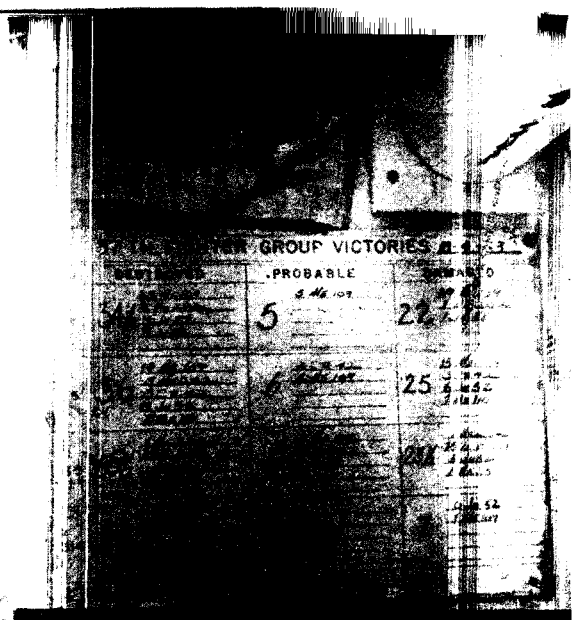
Pilots of the 57th hear their 26-year-old colonel—Charles Salisbury—read messages praising their feats.



Scoreboard. Figures (excluding Jane Russel's) increased since this photo was made. Pin-up, by the way, is from YANK.

A small bomb is being fitted on a P-40.

left hook. With that maneuver, the 57th downed most of its victims.

"But we could down a hell of a lot more if we could fight them at any altitude," a pilot adds. "That's why we're praying that we can get these ships replaced with Mustangs."

The 57th's progress in the long push from Alamein to Tunis with Montgomery was a marvel of mobility. Since early in October, when they first joined the British Eighth Army, they have moved their base of operations 23 times. Occasionally the wheels of their pursuit planes would light on enemy runways only a few minutes after the ground forces had driven the Nazis away from the fields.

In order to accomplish this mobility, the 57th had to go around the books. The prescribed T/O transport allotments were not sufficient to keep the outfit moving along at the fast pace Montgomery was setting with his Eighth Army. So the 57th took matters into its own hands and rewrote the T/O, giving itself six times more transportation than the books allowed. It was not according to strict Army regulations, but it kept the group moving up front into the thick of the battle.

The group was divided into two parties, A and B, each with equal strength, materiel and planes according to the British system of desert air advancement. As soon as a new field was cleared, party A went forward and occupied it, with party B backing it up as a reserve. When party A had things established, party B joined it and the new field was set for full operation. Thus the 57th made its measuring-worm progress across the Western Desert.

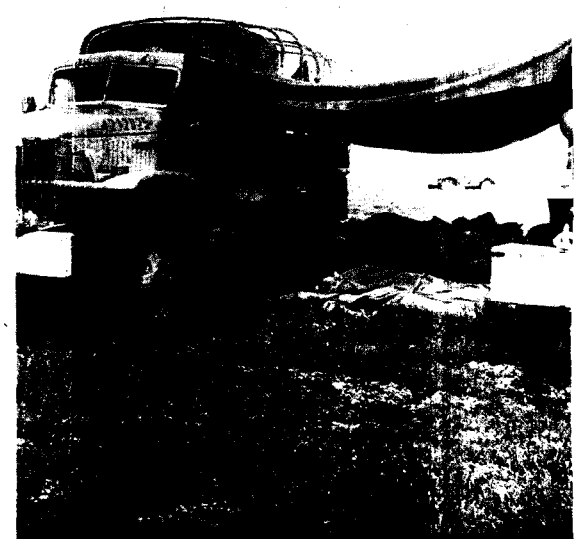
The 57th made history even when it left the States in July 1942. It was the first land-based fighter group to make the crossing via airplane carrier. The P-40s were packed aboard a carrier and shipped to within flying range of the African West Coast. The boys still talk about making those take-offs from the carrier—blocking the 'hawks until they got up a high rev and then turning them loose down the flight deck.

As one pilot reminisced, "They'd tear off down the deck and then disappear as they went over the end. We'd keep our fingers crossed until they'd come safely into view again, far ahead of the carrier." Some of the boys went to the take-off end of the carrier to see what happened. "They dropped so low to the water that their prop wash made a wake like a speedboat," they said, "but every one pulled out of it."

The 57th's trip across the jungles and deserts of Central Africa was accomplished with an absolute minimum of plane losses, thanks to the round-the-clock efforts of the enlisted ground crews. The crews made the hops in transports, using the same landing grounds as the fighters. The men would pile out of the transports after a whole day of flying and spend the night putting the fighters into condition for the next leg of the hop. Thus they moved the whole 57th across the sand and scrub and jungle of Central Africa.

The group based and trained in Palestine until early October 1942, then went into operation as an adjunct to the Eighth Army. On Oct. 9 the first victory was scored when 1st Lt. W. J. Mount shot down an ME-109 near El Alamein. From then on it was a steadily mounting score, ending with the total chalked up the day Tunis fell.

Now, with no bomb line in North Africa for the first time in three years, the 57th is resting and hoping for two things—a new front and a chance to score another victory like the one of Palm Sunday.



Tarpaulin keeps dew from sleeping men.

Lt. Roy Degler sends money home for the 57th. He handles Tunisian, Algerian, Syrian and Egyptian currencies, among others.

War is not always bullets and blood.

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Yanks at Home Abroad

The Red Cross gave a block party for a Yank division on its first visit to a North African town. Girls being pretty scarce, the stag line was the biggest on record.

A Major and a Private Describe Their Two Days on an Italian Prison Ship

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Field Correspondent

TUNISIA — When the British Eighth Army drove toward Tunis, there were 691 American and British soldiers jammed on an Italian prison ship in the harbor. Our side had no idea the prisoners were on that ship, and as a result the prisoners had a hot time for two days before they were liberated.

What happened to these men was told to this correspondent by Maj. William R. C. Ford, a former Pittsburgh lawyer, and Pvt. J. M. McGuire of Dutton, Ala. They were aboard the ship.

Maj. Ford, two other officers and a driver were captured in the now famous "mouse-trap" sector while searching for their armored divisional CP. They took a wrong turn and ran smack into the middle of concentrated gunfire. They hit the dirt in a wheatfield, all wounded except Maj. Ford. When the shooting stopped, Ford's party was rounded up by German machine gunners.

About that time in walked Pvt. McGuire. He had been a PRO chauffeur for four French news correspondents who were out looking for a French Foreign Legion regiment near Pont du Fahs. While bypassing a wrecked bridge they ran into 47-mm and machine-gun fire. Before they could move they were captured.

Everybody in the camp was marched to the Tunis docks and piled on a prison ship. The air overhead was thick with U. S. and British planes which started plastering the ship in the belief the enemy was evacuating some of its own army. As bombs dropped around the ship and guards took cover, quite a few prisoners escaped. The rest were herded to the Tunis town park.

Shortly after dark a few daring citizens of Tunis approached a group which included Pvt. McGuire and gave them wine, bread and spaghetti. "If it hadn't been for those civilians," McGuire says, "we'd have been in bad shape."

During the night they were loaded aboard the prison ship, which sailed to Cap Bon. Germans manned the guns aboard this Italian vessel.

But the United Nations planes came back. "It is bad enough," McGuire reports, "to be bombed and strafed by the enemy, but when you see your own planes coming down at you again and again all one day and all one night, and can't do a damn thing about it, it's hell, brother."

Fifteen times in two days the planes attacked the harbor. First there were two Spitfires, strafing and small-bombing. They forced the prison ship back to Tunis, where the Spits struck twice again. Then a dozen Kittyhawks swept in from the sea and planted an egg square on the ship. The boat's seams opened and water came in, and the ship ran aground in shoal water off La Goulette, about three miles from Carthage. All the German and Italian officers put ashore in barges, leaving one Italian soldier behind to guard the entire boatload of prisoners.

This Italian wasn't so dumb. As soon as the last barge left, he threw all his ammunition overboard, sat down and grinned. American and British officers took over right then and began planning an escape. It was impossible to swim ashore, as Germans were still in the town.

That night the Germans scorched the earth and fled. Eight barges loaded with Germans passed the ship and headed seaward. U. S. planes found them and sank several.

One big barge came within half a mile of the prison ship and trained on it the guns of a Mark IV tank, but there was no firing. An hour later a U. S. officer went ashore in a rowboat to size up the situation and if possible get through a message to the Air Force to lay off bombing the ship. He got through.

Civilians in two fishing boats hailed the ship about noon and began taking the erstwhile prisoners ashore 40 at a time. The people of La Goulette gave the men wine and food. When an element of the British Eighth arrived about nightfall, instead of finding stragglers of the enemy, it found several hundred Americans and British promenading in the streets.

"Leaving that ship," said Pvt. McGuire, "made me feel as though I'd been born again."

Gypsy Luck

LONDON—T/4 Jim Freeman's pals will never trust gypsies as long as they live, but Freeman isn't complaining.

Freeman, from Palestine, Ill., was walking down Picadilly with only a shilling to his name. A small swarthy gypsy approached, selling white heather. "Buy some luck, American; buy some luck."

Freeman exchanged the shilling for heather; the shilling alone wouldn't buy much anyway. A moment later a tall swarthy man tapped his shoulder and put a 5-pound note in his mitts. "Here's the luck," he said.

Freeman's good fortune was told and retold, of course, and the gypsy selling heather did terrific business. But somehow or other, the big guy with the English 20-dollar bills never showed up again.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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Japs on Attu Built DeLuxe Quarters Which Our Side Found Mighty Handy

EAST ARM, HOLTZ BAY, ATTU [Delayed]—We're tenting tonight on the old Jap campground—in a Japanese tent.

It's roomier than our own pyramidal, and round. It's really a pair of tents, one suspended within the other with about a foot of dead-air space for insulation against the chill summer and bitter winter temperatures of Attu.

These Japs have the right idea about getting real warmth under canvas. There's an aisle slicing midway from the sod-banked entrance to the rear of the tent. The stove, a corrugated cousin to our own Sibley, squats here, with a rice-straw sack of gravelly coal handy. All the way around this aisle is a knee-high platform of wood. Here you toss your short little Jap-size pallets spokewise around the stove, curl up in your short fleecy Jap blanket and sleep.

The idea is that heat from the stove rises. Since the level of the sleeping platform is above the top of the stove, you have warmth as long as the fire lasts.

You remove your muddy boots before ascending to the mezzanine. This shedding of footgear is a privilege shared by scant numbers on Attu.

Admittedly, there's an odor, redolently Nipponese. It's compounded of soaps of precious fragrance, aromatic dentifrices, scented foot powders, dried octopus, and the nearness of the latrine to the adjoining cook tent. But, after nights of wallowing in a coffin-sized sumphole at the front, this is, if not the lap, at least the knobby knees of luxury.

True, it's not as sumptuous as some of those subterranean officers' barracks in Little Tokyo, the military village a mile inland from East Arm. Here, for instance, are no electric lights. And our camouflage, though expert, is not such that you could walk onto the roof without knowing it. That'll happen to you in Little Tokyo. One of us almost amputated his foot when he stepped through a skylight. That's when we decided, with shells in our chambers, to venture in and look, and found, among other trophies, a painstakingly oiled and kneaded first baseman's mitt manufactured by the R. R. Mizuno & Co., Ltd.

But tonight we'll sleep warm and dry, at least, and dream of the B-19 gliding onto that half-cobble, half-plowed ground strip the Japs were sweating into an airfield. When we captured it, Uncle Sam became the operator of a narrow-gauge handcar railroad complete with handcars, two GMC-ish trucks with steel rollers affixed over the rear tires, a pair of tractors, an entire fleet of jinrikishas converted for freight, and one bicycle with front-wheel brake.

Tomorrow morning we'll greet each other with *banzais* and fall to a breakfast of rice boiled in the kidney-shaped quart-sized Jap mess kits, and polish off with a tin of delicate, tasty tangerines.

—Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Iran Soldiers Sign Pay Roll In GI Railroad 'Luxury' Caboose

IRAN—"When they start stomping and kicking on the roof of the caboose about 3 in the morning, it just means they want to get paid," said Cpl. Charles H. Clark.

Once upon a time Cpl. Clark was a reporter on the Brooklyn *Eagle*. He and his boss, W/O (jg) Jack W. Hart, an Oklahoman who used to be a claims clerk for the Missouri Pacific, have the job of paying all the railroading GIs scattered around Iran. They live in a black caboose containing two safes, a home-made kitchen, a real sit-down latrine labeled "In Bounds to President Roosevelt Only," and two upper and two lower berths.

The other inhabitants of the railroad car are Cpl. George Hicks of West Freeport, Ill., who acts as guard and is known up and down the railroad line as Sheriff, and Pfc. Floyd R. Sims of Hutchinson, Kans., the cook. He was a brakeman on the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe.

The caboose crew starts out along the railroad in the middle of the month and checks pay rolls determining the financial fate of more than a thousand men. They take all the pay rolls back to a central finance office. As soon as computations are finished and cash is loaded in the safes, the caboose moves out again to pay off. From the time the first pay roll is checked to the time the last dogface is left smilingly contemplating a fistful of *rial* notes, 30 days go by. "The longest pay day in the world," says Cpl. Clark, fondly.

The caboose number, 81006, is known the length and breadth of the railroad. When they see it coming, soldiers crowd its platform day and night. First question asked on receipt of pay is invariably, "When do we get paid again?"

There can't be any set time for paying off, for railroad men work long hours and can report for pay only when and where they meet 81006. Sometimes, as Clark said, it's in the pre-dawn hours and the pay-off crew has to tumble out, rub eyes and count correct change by the light of their kerosene lantern.

Hitchhikers, both Iranian and American, try constantly and unsuccessfully to bum rides. One time the sanctuary was invaded by a bewildered British major who had beaten his way back from the passenger section of the train. Looking at the stove, he smiled happily. "Is this the tea car?" he asked. They told him it wasn't and the sight of Sheriff Hicks, fingering his gat by an open safe, convinced him.

The chaplain has a caboose, too, and travels right in front of them. Mornings, the Padre, a playful soul, leans out the back of his peripatetic parish house and blows his whistle for reveille. From force of recruit-training habit the boys fall out and, as the Sheriff says, "When you're in an upper berth, 'fall out' means just that."

The chaplain's caboose is very nice, too. It has FAITH stenciled in big white letters on its side so everyone will know what it is.

For the same reason, the pay-off caboose has chalked on its side in equally big letters HOPE.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Sgt. W. D. Lint and Cpl. Ed Dillen use home-made mold to make precision parts from scrap.

GIs in India Build Own Foundry to Make Plane Parts

U. S. AIR DEPOT, INDIA—In all of India there was no extra cowling flap and it appeared that a plane would be grounded for a long time. Out here, where planes are not too plentiful, it is sort of a disgrace for a plane to be out of commission.

What was needed was a foundry for casting a new part, but precision tools come from the States, which, in case you don't know, are a long way from these parts. Sgt. W. D. Lint of Canton, Ohio, and Cpl. Edward Dillen of Cleveland, Ohio, put their heads together over the problem and came up with an idea.

Lint had been a core maker in civilian life; he knew a bit about tools. Dillen had been a metallurgist, working in metals. Here was a chance to put their knowledge to good use.

They hopped in a jeep, went to the mess hall and talked the mess sergeant out of a can of molasses. Then they went to work on a wood model of the badly needed assembly and at the same time got some scrap aluminum melted down over a hot oil fire. They built a box about 10 inches square and split it so it could be knocked away after being used as a mold. They mixed molasses in sand, cast a sand mold in the box and into the mold poured the aluminum. In four hours they had their spare part.

Now Lint and Dillen have set up a shop to make spare parts. They operate three blast furnaces, make patterns by day and mold them at night. They have made everything from cowling flaps to pistons. The only thing the Army has furnished is the molasses. Otherwise the whole shop, from the brick that went into the blast furnaces to the zinc, copper and aluminum they need in their work, is salvage.

—Sgt. ROBERT GHIO
YANK Staff Correspondent

In and Out of Army These Men Have Been Roommates for Six Years

WESTERN DESERT—Two U. S. Air Force sergeants here have been roommates for six straight years. They are 1st Sgt. Dennis B. Andricks of Houston, Tex., and Sgt. Leonard Dickey of Alto, Tex.

In 1937 they met at Kilgore (Tex.) Junior College, where they shared a room and played on the football team. Later they worked in the oil fields, still bunking together. Then they went to Texas A. & M., played football, shared the same room. And doggone if the Air Force hasn't kept them together from the day they joined up until now, even in the Middle East.

13th Raid Was Successful Until They Started Back Over the Channel

ENGLAND—Even through the thickness of their flying suits, the seven men hurtling across the Channel in the big bomber were chilled to the bone.

Sgt. Bill Ashworth, mid-upper gunner from Auburndale, Fla., was nervous. The engineer, Sgt. Edwards—the only Englishman aboard—kept muttering. It was his 13th trip, and he was certain that it would be his last. Nothing any of the crew said made any difference.

They were on a special recon mission, and there was great need for caution. Their destination was Germany. It seemed they were hours in the dark sky before the navigator announced the target through the intercom.

Flak burst feebly around them. The aircraft

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Here's How to Start a Brush-Off Club Branch

AT the request of several overseas soldiers, YANK asked the Parent Chapter of the Brush-Off Club in India if it had any objection to extending its charter to other Army outfits. A story of the Brush-Off Club appeared in a January issue of YANK. For some reason most of the requests for a charter have come from England.

Anyway, the Mother India Chapter says go right ahead and organize if you've got enough weeping willows to make it profitable. YANK reproduces here the Mother India Chapter's original entry blank for applicants.

As you may remember, the Brush-Off Club is for U. S. soldiers whose gals have thrown them over since they got in the Army. Every man who was jilted in favor of a civilian is automatically a vice president. Admission is a broken heart. Requirements for membership: (1) She has married somebody else. (2) She casually mentions dates with other guys now and doesn't start out "Dearest Darling" any more. (3) Your folks have reported seeing her out with other joes. (4) She is engaged or "practically engaged" to somebody else.

Besides the above active membership, there is a "Pending or Prospective Membership", commonly called the "Just Sweating Member." He doesn't know where the hell he stands but the mail doesn't bring in sugar reports any longer.

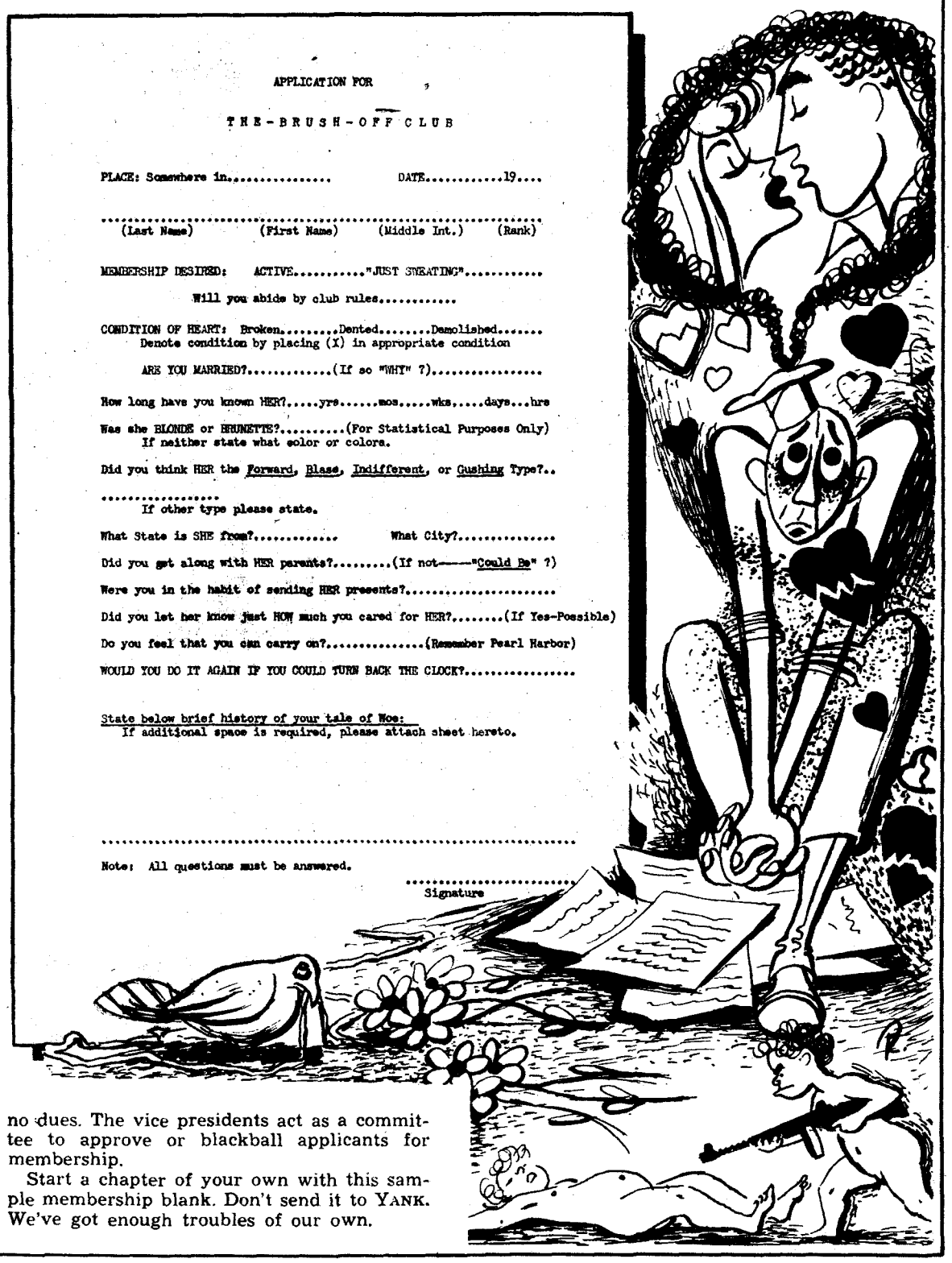
Duties of members are to sympathize with one another and to sweat with sweating members. Every member or sweating member must attend a weekly meeting to initiate new followers, offer his shoulder for crying purposes. A ritual is read at each meeting, lamenting the departed lovelies and bolstering the courage of the surviving lonely hearts.

All members are eligible for membership in the Good Hunting Caucus Committee, which shall convene as often as two or three men can get leave or pass anywhere any females are in evidence.

Club officers, who may be nominated at any time by any Good Hunting Caucus which has met during the previous week, shall be considered for election at any meeting at which they are proposed and, if they can muster a two-thirds vote, will then and there depose the officers then incumbent. That keeps things moving.

Usually the guy with the biggest crying towel is president. Other officers are vice presidents (as explained above); chief crier (who reads the ritual at meetings); chief sweating officer (who sympathizes with sweating members); corresponding secretary (who keeps track of new telephone numbers and exchanges them among members). There are no dues. The vice presidents act as a committee to approve or blackball applicants for membership.

Start a chapter of your own with this sample membership blank. Don't send it to YANK. We've got enough troubles of our own.



APPLICATION FOR

THE-BRUSH-OFF CLUB

PLACE: Somewhere in..... DATE.....19....

.....
(Last Name) (First Name) (Middle Int.) (Rank)

MEMBERSHIP DESIRED: ACTIVE....."JUST SWEATING".....

Will you abide by club rules.....

CONDITION OF HEART: Broken.....Dented.....Demolished.....
Denote condition by placing (X) in appropriate condition

ARE YOU MARRIED?.....(If so "WHY" ?).....

How long have you known HER?.....yrs.....mos.....wks.....days...hrs

Was she BLONDE or BRUNETTE?.....(For Statistical Purposes Only)
If neither state what color or colors.

Did you think HER the Forward, Blase, Indifferent, or Gushing Type?..

.....
If other type please state.

What State is SHE from?..... What City?.....

Did you get along with HER parents?.....(If not——"Could Be" ?)

Were you in the habit of sending HER presents?.....

Did you let her know just HOW much you cared for HER?.....(If Yes-Possible)

Do you feel that you can carry on?.....(Remember Pearl Harbor)

WOULD YOU DO IT AGAIN IF YOU COULD TURN BACK THE CLOCK?.....

State below brief history of your tale of Woe:
If additional space is required, please attach sheet hereto.

.....

Note: All questions must be answered.

.....
Signature

moved in and swept out in a swift, smooth movement. Flame raged through the darkness below them. Everything had gone sweet. This made up for that last trip when they had returned on two motors with the ship a patchwork.

Sgt. Ashworth and the Canadian crew were feeling good on the way back. They had done their job and done it well. Now for a cup of steaming coffee. Ashworth sighed in anticipation.

"Ditching positions!"

The call came quiet and sharp through the intercom. The kite kept turning to port. Ashworth knew what was coming. In the darkness it was almost impossible to slip his helmet off because of the intercom and oxygen cords. His hurried fumbling only made it worse. There was a terrific crash and Ashworth felt cold water gather him in and pull him under. He fought his way to the surface and saw gigantic waves 20 or 30 feet high beating the aircraft to death.

He tore the big gloves off with his teeth and held his breath. Under water he struggled with his helmet and oxygen mask until, filled with agony for want of air, he surfaced. Out of the tangle of cords he inflated his Mae West.

Now he was more buoyant. At least he could keep his nose above water. But the water was like ice and waves kept tearing at him.

He said a quick prayer; then he was ready to check out.

Slowly he was being dragged under. The water jabbed like sharp icicles against his body, swelling him and making him feel many times his normal size. The Mae West was taking a terrific beating and wouldn't last more than 10 minutes at the most.

Then above the roar of the waves he could hear a humming sound. He thought he was losing his mind. But the sound grew deeper, seemed to be coming nearer.

Directly before him a ghost-gray shape was taking form. It was a dinghy. Ashworth's deep voice was like a scream as he flailed his arms and shouted to attract attention.

Minutes later he was lying on the floor of a small British motor gunboat, wrapped in warm Army blankets. Beside him, with both legs twisted grotesquely, lay the bombardier. Two out of seven. Edwards' No. 13 had been unlucky. For him and the rest of the crew, the war was over.

The British lieutenant bent over Ashworth.

"You're damn lucky you're alive, old boy. We saw the ship circling and thought you were going to dive-bomb us. One of the crew finally recognized you by the engine noise. The ship's a wreck, smashed completely."

The bombardier had broken both legs but otherwise was in pretty fair condition.

Suffering from severe shock—40 minutes in the North Sea in the winter time—and a badly bruised spine, Sgt. Ashworth spent three weeks in the hospital.

He doesn't like to talk about that crash. "I'd rather fly across Germany four times a day armed only with leaflets than spend another 10 minutes in that North Sea. I thought it was all over, chum. And I was scared as hell. I haven't even wanted a drink of water in a week."

—Sgt. JACK SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

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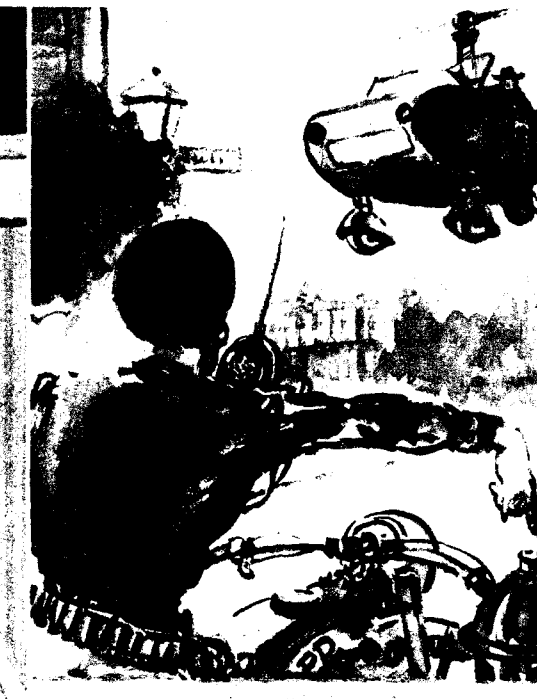
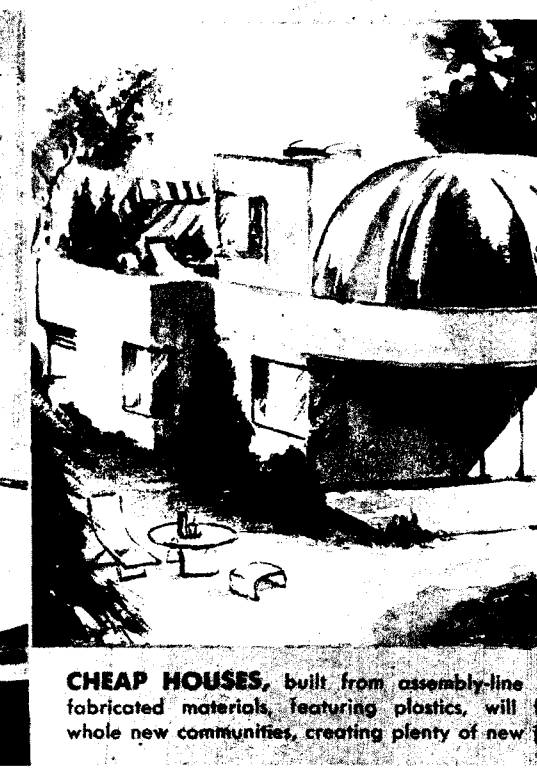
The plastics industry, now making turrets, will boom after the war, filling the demand for consumer luxury products.



WALKIE-TALKIE RADIOS may be used aft the war by cops to halt helicopter drivers. Th will inquire from the ground, "Where is the fire



CHEAP HOUSES, built from assembly-line p fabricated materials, featuring plastics, will fo whole new communities, creating plenty of new jo

Will We Get Jobs After the War?

By Cpl. EDWIN S. MILLS Jr.

As soon as we start thinking about victory, most of us start thinking about going home. And then we begin worrying. What'll it be like when we get back? Will we get a job? What should we expect?

The indications are that you can expect plenty. And it is important to remember that the big boom will be in the very skills that you are learning in the Army right now—aviation, radio, mechanics, navigation, engineering, chemicals. The chances are good that what the Army has taught you may well earn your bread and butter later.

Right now most soldiers are worried not only whether there will be a job to come home to, but whether it will be any good. A lot of soldiers have changed their minds about their future since they entered the Army. Here is a guy who used to jerk sodas, but who's now a crack trouble-shooter for Diesel engines. There's a guy who used to push a truck over the Sierras three times a week, and now he knows telephones cold. Back in the corner the staff sergeant, who was an accountant's clerk, is now an old hand at putting a P-40 together with spit and a piece of string. Radiomen. Pilots. Electricians. Mechanics. Specialists, specialists, specialists. They don't want to go back to their former jobs after a few years of expert and intensive GI training.

Your President is determined that you will have a chance to find a job and that returning soldiers won't come back with just $60 and a ticket home as they did after the last war. The Selective Service, which put most of you in the Army, has machinery set up to put you back into civilian life [see YANK No. 41, Vol. II].

There are a number of post-war planning committees at work on your post-war welfare. Serving on some of these committees is Leo Rich, associate of Walter Dorwin Teague, industrial designer. Mr. Rich's researches indicate that labor and business leaders have big plans all ready to put into operation after the war for conversion of war industries into peacetime production.

As every GI knows, a lot of people at home are making good dough these days, but they can't spend much of it. Billions of dollars worth of War Bond money will be available after the war for the purchase of all the things people can't buy now.

And right now, brother, you can't buy very much around the U. S. Try and find a washing machine, radio, phonograph record, electric iron or toaster, or a thousand and one things that used to lie around every home and nobody thought much about. People who own vacuum cleaners are hoarding them like so many mink coats these days. And they are wearing out, too.

After the war, all these things that have been worn out will have to be replaced. Pots and pans, bedsteads, old tractors, trucks, cars, iron fences that have gone to the scrap drive must be replaced. The old automobiles will be on their last legs. Returning soldiers, who have been getting married so fast that the baby production of this country is now at the highest figures in history, will be establishing homes of their own. That means new homes, new equipment from the ground up.

Billions of man-hours of labor will be needed just for replacement of all the essentials that have worn out. Millions of women will be anxious again to wear silk socks and perfume,

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Businessmen say that soldiers will find plenty of opportunities in new industries and also plenty of work when established trades start producing badly needed washing machines and toasters again instead of tanks and guns.

after these years of suntan legs and bath salts. You can go on like this all day without reaching the end to the replacements that will be necessary.

After the last war, Mr. Rich points out, the development of the automobile made possible thousands of new jobs in the factories—and it also made necessary new highways, new gas companies, new hotels. It touched everybody, made new jobs for millions. So did radio.

"What's going to happen after this war," he says, "will make that era look like peanuts."

Here are just some of the specific job opportunities which will open up after the war:

Aviation. Air travel and air freight to points all over the world will really skyrocket. Eventually there should be thousands of private planes, gliders and helicopters — and with their coming, suburbs can move a hundred miles into the country. New cities can form around countless new airports instead of around harbors and on rivers. That would mean construction of new stores, new theaters, new houses, and the building and operation of these would create new jobs. Worldwide commercial aviation will call for thousands of pilots, navigators, maintenance men, radio operators, electrical and hydraulic experts, designers, passenger and freight agents, guides to foreign countries, stewards and hostesses.

Farming. The post-war world may see a new type in farming, utilizing the recent tremendous increase in knowledge about chemically treated soils. New areas, now sandy or arid, thus may be opened up to new farmers. Industrial uses of farm products, such as the soy bean, may mean millions of new acres under cultivation. Easy freezing processes for foods will mean fewer losses through shipment and more money for the farmer. Dehydration of foods promises greater world markets. Mass production of the Army jeep has made possible similar production of cheap, tough vehicles for combined transportation and tractor use around the farm.

Housing. Many wartime airplane plants are planning conversion to assembly-line production of prefabricated houses, built in sections and involving only a fraction of the present home-construction expense. This will mean new jobs in the prefabrication plants, still more jobs in putting up the houses, and in laying out new low-priced communities. It can also mean a boom for manufacturers of plumbing facilities, refrigerators, furnaces, fixtures, furniture. New communities of cheap houses would need their own new shops and garages, power stations, police forces, and so on.

Television. Wartime advances in the field of electronics have already brought television closer to perfection. As with radio in the 1920s, mass production of television sets is a prospect that promises thousands of jobs. New sets would require highly complicated television stations and staffs to run them. Construction and operation of television theaters are another possibility. Television will call for specialists as servicemen and repairmen and create a need for new sales staffs. The uses for Radar alone, outside its utility in the television branch of commercial radio, are expected to be tremendous. The manufacture of Radar devices for ships, planes and industry will require thousands of skilled electrical workers, not to mention other thousands who can use the equipment.

Plastics. Constituting a new industry in themselves, plastics promise an unlimited variety of uses. Created from chemicals, they have already begun to replace metals and other raw materials. It's possible they'll be used in the manufacture of dies, bearings, safety glass, eyeglasses, nonshatterable airplane tops, plumbing fixtures, pipes, false teeth, furniture, automobile bodies, boats. Numberless small gadgets and household or garage appliances can be made of plastics. All this offers opportunity for thousands of jobs.

Rubber. The rubber shortage has spurred two developments in rubber that will require large resources of money and manpower. One is synthetic rubber, which is coming along fast. It not only will be used for all purposes to which rubber is now put, but new uses for it are being found every week. In addition to synthetic rubber, a big spurt has been given to growth of natural rubber again in South America. This will give openings to men who want to settle down in foreign parts.

Rayon. This industry alone is in for a large expansion. Hundreds of uses have been found for rayon. Military developments even include a rayon automobile and aviation tire, opening large fields for uses of rayon in heavy industry as well as for sheer stockings.

Electricity. Electric welding has come a long way, opening new jobs in its path. It stitches metal like cloth. Then there is an electron microscope, a portable telephone such as the walkie-talkie, a television telephone, electronic navigation for ships.

Medicine. New electrical and chemical methods of combating disease are being rushed into use and tried out in the armed forces. As new areas of the world's surface are settled after this war, medicine will move along with the expansion. Far more important to everyone is the emphasis this war has given to a medical exploration of the human mind, which physicians still know very little about. This war has created so many mental cases that doctors must now give a great deal of laboratory attention to the baffling study of the human brain. This alone will take thousands of men several generations.

Automotives. The auto will not be made obsolete by the plane. The new cars will have automatic steering, automatic braking, 40-mile-per-gallon engines, many other improvements. No cars except those needed by the war are now being manufactured. Millions of Americans have learned how to walk. They'll be tired of walking after the war. There will be a boom in the auto industry.

Entertainment. Television will open this field up wide. The break will go to the Signal Corps man who knows his stuff. In the scramble in the entertainment world that follows the war, the edge will go to the skilled radio technicians, most of whom are now in the armed forces.

That is only the beginning. In addition to the thousands of men who will be needed as administrators in the new industries and as salesmen of the new products, many more will find places, it is believed, in the established consumer-product trades now temporarily interrupted by war production.

None of these opportunities will grow on trees, but they'll be there, waiting for somebody to grab. The guys who get in and shove will get there.

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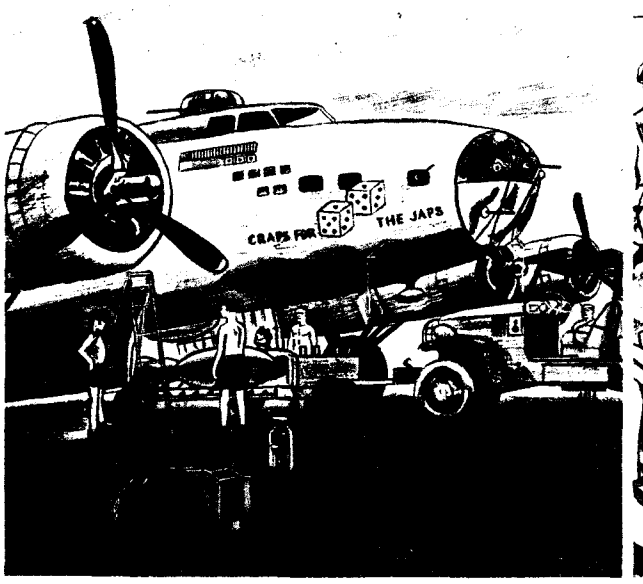
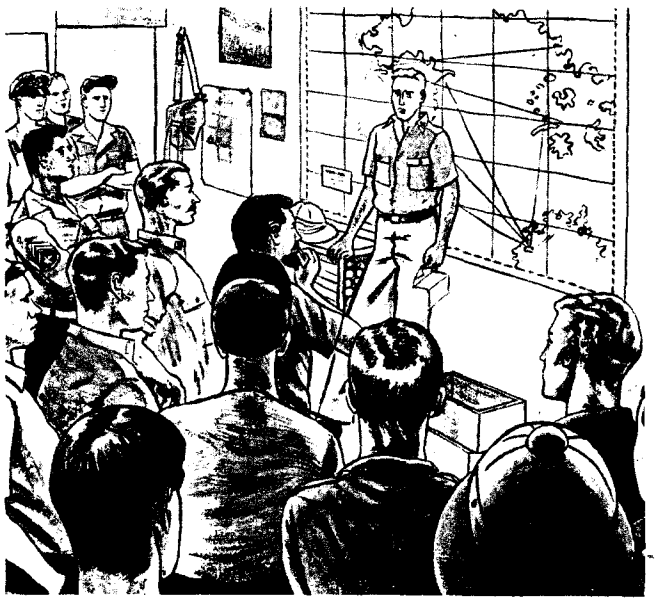
Early Morning Mission In New Guinea

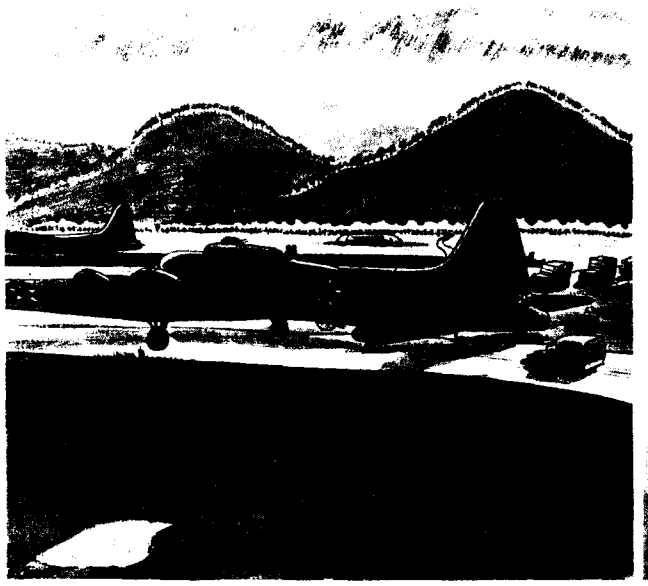
A FAMILIAR sound in the New Guinea early morning is the roar of American bombers, taking off for raids on Jap convoys and installations on nearby islands. When they return, ground crews proudly decorate the planes with combat insignias. Bombs painted on the ship signify missions; purple hearts on white backgrounds stand for crew members who have been wounded. Japanese flags appear when an enemy plane is shot down and ships are painted on the nose when transports or freighters are sunk. Sgt. Charles D. Pearson, who sketched these drawings of a typical morning mission, used to contribute cartoons to *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post* before the Army requested his presence and sent him to the Southwest Pacific. His drawings from Down Under have appeared in YANK regularly during the past year and he has recently become a member of YANK's staff in Australia.



1. Just back from another mission, this U. S. bomber is being loaded with explosives at its base in New Guinea by a bare-legged, bare-chested crew.

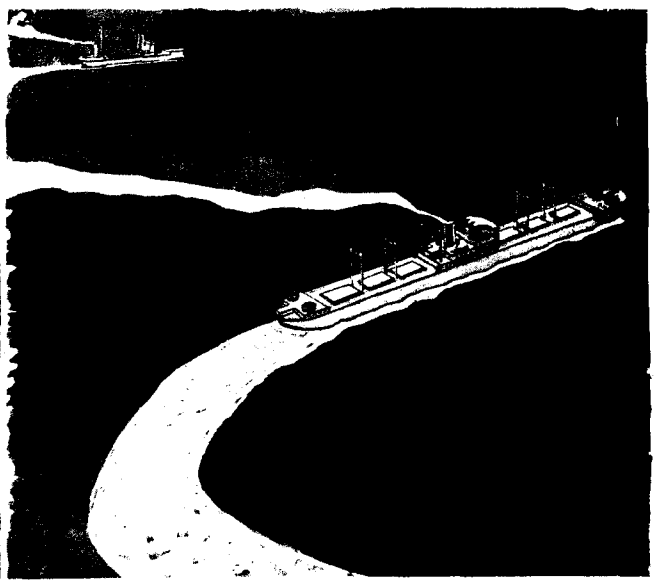


2. Briefing. Aerial reconnaissance has discovered a small Jap convoy moving toward Lae. Intelligence outlines the mission to the bomber crews.

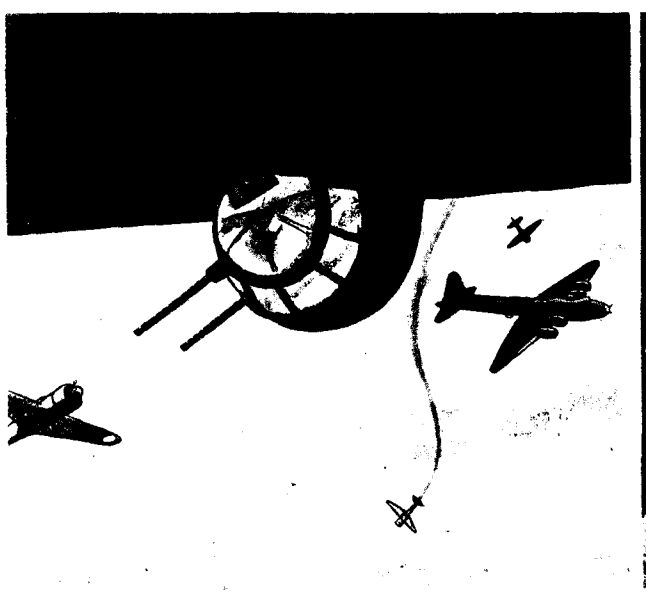


3. The planes taxi out of their protected revetments and proceed down the roadway to the take-off strip while vehicular traffic pauses respectfully

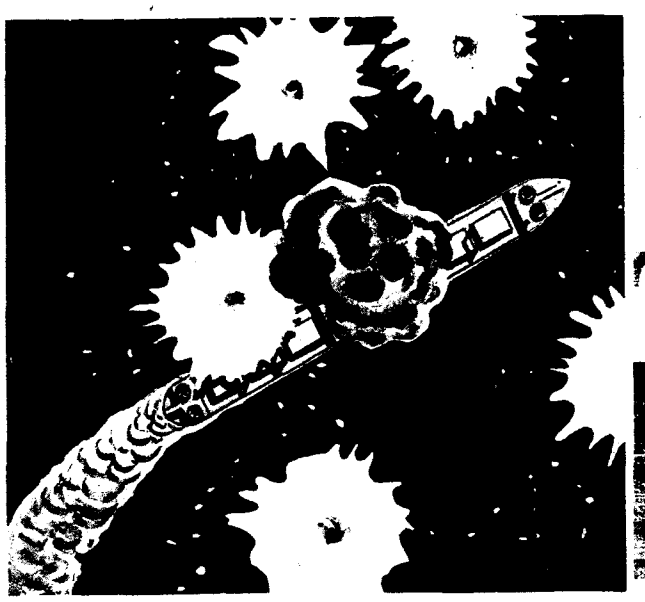
4. Planes pick up their formations and fly over uneven New Guinea terrain toward a gap in the Owen Stanley Range. Soon they will reach the open sea.



5. Jap convoy is sighted and the ships zigzag to avoid bombs. This eight-thousand-ton cargo vessel has been selected by the Americans as the first target.



6. Convoy's escort of Zero fighters comes up and attacks the bombers. American gunners drive them off while the bombardiers set their sights on the ships.



7. Bombs fall in a pattern around the Jap freighter, setting it afire with a direct hit and a near miss. Rest of the bombs go down on smaller boats.

8. Successfully evading Zeros and ack-ack, U. S. bombers head home leaving three ships burning beyond the horizon as others flee for a New Britain port.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Their True Color

An item that requires no editorial comment: DNB, official Nazi news agency, reports that the German army will change the color of its uniform soon from gray to dark yellow.

STRICTLY G.I.

V-Mail Pictures

THE WD has announced that soldiers overseas can now get pictures of their kids by V-Mail. The pictures are limited to children who are less than one year old or who were born after their fathers left the States. Photos may include the mother or some other person holding the child. They must be pasted in the upper left-hand corner of the form and cannot take up more than one-third of the regular correspondence space. The new ruling applies, of course, only to personal photos. Commercial pictures of any kind are out.

Army Mules

Army mules have hit the GI spotlight again, especially since their swell job hauling stuff over the Tunisian mountains. Reports from Camp Carson, Colo., show how army mules are trained. First they're taught to carry grain bags around a kind of circular mule-obstacle course. The bags are then increased until they become the equivalent of a 95-pound packsaddle plus a couple hundred pounds of mountain artillery. Then the mules are taught to climb up and down rocky, steep hills. In eight weeks they become smart and dependable.

Service Mail Data

The WD reports that overseas dogfaces receive over 20 million pieces of mail a week and send back about a third as many. So far 45 million V-Mail letters were sent without a single loss. Several million bucks worth of money orders are sent home every month. The average GI abroad gets 14 pieces of mail per week. Letters from soldiers overseas generally get home more quickly than vice versa, because more space is available on home-bound planes and ships.

Super Flying Fortresses

The AAF says that the bomb load of the Flying Fortresses is being increased to 10 tons, making it the heaviest in the world. Changes are being made that will allow a 2-ton blockbuster under each wing, plus six more tons inside. The British Lancaster used to be No. 1 bomb carrier, with a load of nine tons. A new super Fortress, the B-29, is being built which will have a greater bomb capacity and longer range than any existing bomber.

Armored Flyers

Eighth Air Force bomber crews in England are now wearing a new kind of body armor on bombing missions. This armor, something like the mailed contraptions worn by knights of old, is a sleeveless vest extending from neck to hips. It is made of overlapping squares of manganese steel, each about as thick as good blotting paper. The armor is excellent protection against shell splinters and flak, and can stop a .45 bullet fired 30 feet away. It has been found to be especially effective for waist and turret gunners, who expose the top of their bodies.

Radio-Controlled Planes

The WD has revealed the latest method of training ack-ack gunners with radio-controlled model planes. These planes, which can duplicate all the maneuvers of regular combat ships, have a 10-foot wingspan, are painted bright yellow for night detection and are shot in the air from a 30-foot catapult. They are powered by small gasoline motors and are controlled from the ground by radio sets. At 1,000 feet they resemble a full-sized plane at 8,000 feet. When hit the plane parachutes down automatically, is repaired and shot up again.

JUST TRYING IT ON FOR SIZE

GI Shop Talk

The name of the Alcan Highway has been changed to Alaska Military Highway, says the Northwest Service Command. . . . Secretary of Navy Knox announced that Navy personnel has hit almost 2 million. This includes 300,000 Marines, 150,000 Coast Guardsmen, 1,400,000 Navy enlisted men and 130,000 Navy gold braids. . . . GIs in North Africa are getting a new anti-mosquito lotion. A single application of the stuff keeps bastards away for at least six hours. . . . Over 4 million pounds of quick-frozen vegetables will be sent to Alaska this year. Prevents their freezing and spoiling in Alaska. . . . The AAF is printing a booklet on arctic emergencies for flyers forced down in the North.

Washington O.P.

THE Transportation Corps has a plan to pep up embarkations. When possible, military bands will serenade departing GIs and the Red Cross will hand out doughnuts and coffee. . . . Here's a yarn about Capt. Joe Foss, Marine air ace, told us by Capt. Thomas Lanphier, a fighter pilot back from Guadalcanal. Foss's pet technique of getting Japs was to go at them head on. Then would follow a battle of nerves to see which pilot would pull out first to avoid a crash. Invariably the Jap did. Then Foss would pour lead into the belly of the Jap plane and chalk up another one.

Good news to typewriter jockeys: A year ago one Army Service Force agency required 112 different reports from posts, camps and stations. By the first of July the reports had been reduced and consolidated so that but two remain. . . . Lt. Gen. Brehon Somervell, head of ASF, has a sign hanging in his office giving a new twist to the old saying: "The difficult we do immediately, the impossible takes a little longer." His version: "The impossible we accomplish immediately, the miraculous takes a little longer." . . . And speaking of ASF, two divisions of it today are handling materiel greater in value than the entire cost of the first World War to the U. S.

Rudy Vallee makes a neat jump in going from CPO in the Coast Guard to lieutenant senior grade on June 30, but he gives up his radio program, all profits from which have been going to Coast Guard welfare. He was quoted in Hollywood as saying he did not want the commission. . . . The Army is teaching men to read and write and do simple arithmetic in 144 hours. Educators didn't think it could be done.

Many of the injured men from overseas, released from hospitals in this country as fit for further duty, will be assigned to instructors' jobs after going through a reception center. They will get special attention from reclassification personnel . . . WD is making it easier for men separated from the service to get jobs. They'll be encouraged to take jobs in war industry, including railroads and agriculture. Commanders will arrange interviews with the U. S. Employment Service before discharge and allow passes to the men to look for jobs or keep them on the rolls for a few days while they find them.

Railroads running into this crowded capital carry placards in each car explaining the reasons for the scarcity of seats. The placards are headed: "AMERICANS WILL UNDERSTAND." Foot-weary wits, coming more abruptly to the point, cross out half a word to get: "AMERICANS WILL STAND."

YANK's Washington Bureau

This Week's Cover

EVEN if he has to go through water, a soldier must land ready for battle. That's why the fighter on YANK's cover, Sgt. Harry Kym, is learning to swim fully clothed and carrying a rifle. Along with his mates in Hawaii, he soon was able to swim wearing a full field pack.

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Sgt. Howard Abert of Syracuse, N. Y., makes a day room in India a brighter place with his paintings. A copy of YANK is being used most cleverly by him.

M/Sgt. Henry Krauss, of 9th Infantry Training Regiment, Camp Croft, S. C., is near tears as he reviews troops on retiring after 30 years' service. Afterward he was recalled to active duty.

Hanging's too go
Pvt. Pat J. Carano, Signal detachment,
fused to work when he was assigned t
grass detail at Moore Field, Tex. Prot

THE INDESTRUCTIBLES. Cpl. Dardenell Ayres and King Tuff, ex-mascot of Hq. Co., Firtree Division, Camp White, Oreg., hold discharges, one for disability, one for friendship.

ASSAULT CLIMBERS. High in the mountains near Camp Carson, Colo., a sergeant instructor, with rope coil, climbing ax and crampons, leads student officers up a slope.

MISS ARMORETTE. Mary Oliver was voted the title by tankmen after the 12th Armored Division, Camp Campbell, Ky., entered her photograph in a beauty contest. She's a Woman Ordnance Worker.

ME? The photographer ca
this pooch in the cage in an unhc
mood. He was being shipped and he se
that the future was very uncertain.

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from fellow GIs having no effect, they strung him up to show that crime doesn't pay. The pointing accuser at the right is T/4 Larry Hirsch, a very good boy.

Which is the American name for a dreaded Nazi weapon, the "S" mine, a store of which is examined in Tunisia by S Sgt. Rufe Johnson. Exploding waist high, each spews 350 steel balls.

In Iceland, ponies like this one are used by civilians as the chief means of transportation. Here Pvt. Emil Hausen of New Orleans, La., drives one for the Army, trying out GI commands.

By which we mean that if this bathing suit hadn't been invented you wouldn't see what there is to see of film actress Shirley Patterson. So be thankful.

master, Sgt. Stanley Gozur, got special permission to take him overseas. Here Sgt. Gozur, toting barracks bag, cage and rifle, boards a transport in Panama.

Cpl. Edward Young, of a Negro Port Battalion in Hawaii, is too big for the supply room. Weight 330 pounds, height 6 feet 3, shirt size 19, he wears rags until a special uniform is made.

These brothers, Lt. Joseph E. Helbert, pilot, and Sgt. James R. Helbert, laboratory technician, as they met for the first time in 20 years in New Guinea.

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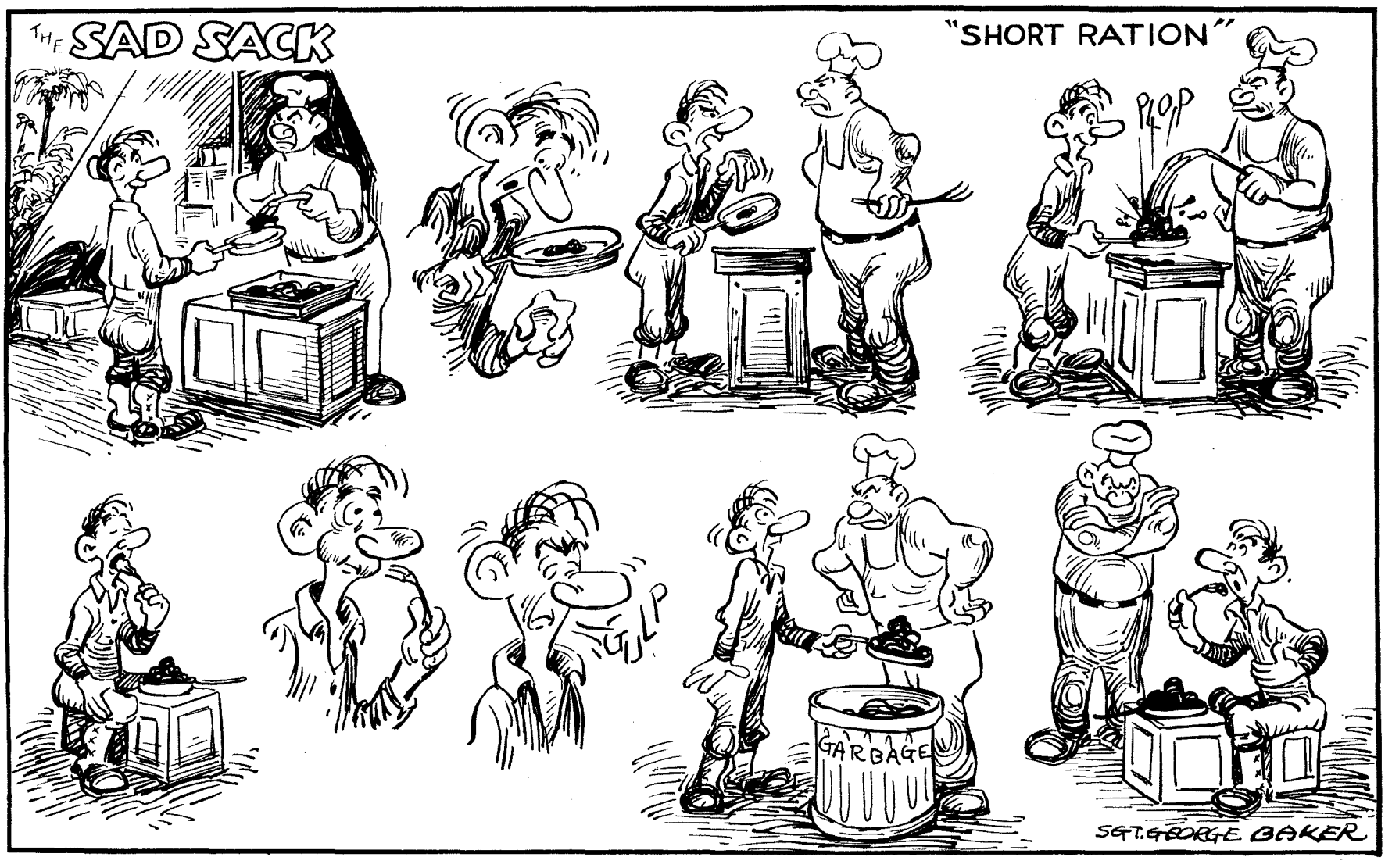

YANK FICTION

Sick General

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW

THERE'S a sick man in Europe today. His name is Erwin Rommel.

He got out of Africa and took with him his marshal's baton, dysentery, malaria and bitter memories of the *Afrika Korps* wandering around through the streets of Tunis looking for places to give themselves up.

You can picture him, lying in a quiet hospital room in Berlin. The place is stacked with flowers because this is an old idol come home, somewhat cracked, from the wars. A big blond nurse, starched and cleaner than anything he ever saw on the long bloody trail back from Alexandria, comes in softly from time to time with the marshal's medicine. She puts the spoon between his teeth and he gulps the stuff down, making a face at the taste, thinking of all the bitter medicine he's drunk in the last six months.

Then he lies back and waits for the chills and the fever, and you can imagine what runs through the sick man's mind in the cool white room. . . . "I never thought it could happen. I had beaten them so many times before. Then suddenly there was no beating them. For so long we could depend upon it—our guns would outrange theirs, our shells would pierce their armor, the *Luftwaffe* would be there when we needed it, every trick would work, every gamble would win. . . . Then nothing worked. I tried all the old tricks and some of the new ones, and nobody can say that I haven't learned my business. But they kept throwing in more tanks, more airplanes, more men, more guns.

"God knows where they got them all. Berlin assured me our submarines would sink them all before they reached Suez. Berlin should have seen the Mitchells coming over, and the Fortresses, and the Spitfires; they should have seen the Shermans and the 105s. It's not the first lie that came out of Berlin. There must be 10 million factories working day and night in America and a million ships on the route to Africa. There's a limit to what talent can accomplish in a war, especially when there's talent on the other side, too.

"There was nothing wrong with the *Afrika Korps*. I trained them myself. I equipped them myself. Veterans, all of them. But veterans need air cover like anyone else, veterans have to have gasoline and water and food every day, too. Veterans can be drowned in a flood of steel that grows deeper every day, never stops, never becomes exhausted. . . ."

The sick man turns over and starts to sweat with the first fever, his lips cracked and dry.

"Always the Germans do the same thing." His

"Bitter memories of the Afrika Korps wandering around . . . looking for places to give themselves up."

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mind runs on, as it has run on ceaselessly all the way from Alamein to the secret flight at night from the airfield near Tunis. "Always they try more than they can accomplish. Always they overrate themselves and underrate the enemy. Russia will fall in three weeks. The RAF will be shot out of the sky in seven days over London. America will be too divided to produce the goods of war. Our submarines will sink every ship. . . . But Russia doesn't fall, the RAF is stronger than ever, the American factories produce more in a day than all Europe in a week, the ships come through. In the last war it was the same way. Always the Army is called upon to do the impossible. Always it looks as though they will do it at first. And always, in the final scoring, history puts 'Defeated' next to all German generals' names.

"I am famous and in military textbooks they will study my first and second campaigns and there are flowers in my hospital room today. But the *Afrika Korps* shaved and put on its cleanest clothes and surrendered like an Italian army when they found the *Luftwaffe* was gone.

"And now Europe. I will be given a great command. I will have millions of men at my disposal. I will have the best guns and tanks and planes that Germany can produce. I will rack my brains and pull 20 new tricks out of the hat. I will make divisions do the work of armies. But there will be two of their planes, two of their tanks, for every one of ours, then three, then four, then 10. . . . I'll call for men, for guns . . . Berlin will tell me the men have been killed, the factories have been gutted. It will be the flood all over again. Except that it will be faster this time. This is no *Afrika Korps* here in Europe. The cream is gone. Hindenburg told the Kaiser in 1918 that an armistice must be arranged, he could no longer be responsible for the defense of Germany. How will I word it in 1944?

"Perhaps I'll be lucky and this malaria will kill me, and Hitler can get himself a new Hindenburg. . . ."

Then the chills begin and the sick man calls weakly for the nurse, who runs in with more blankets and piles them on the pale and shaking figure on the bed.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Glackin *Cauffman* *Allie*

S/Sgt. Gene Glackin, aboard a transport in the Pacific, wants to apologize to Waac T/5 Madge McGlyn, a records clerk at a West Coast port, for standing her up on a recent date. Glackin hopes Madge isn't sore and won't seek revenge by messing up the service records of the Army personnel aboard his transport. . . . **S/Sgt. Millard Cauffman,** APO 680, N. Y. C., tells Pvt. Adolph Cimini, who was going to OCS from Camp Livingston, La., when last heard of: "Don't wish you were here but would like a letter from you." . . . **Pvt. Joseph M. Allie** from Lynn, Mass., wants Warren Haggstrom, somewhere overseas to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

Bacon *Abney* *Restivo*

Pvt. Bernard J. Bacon of St. James, N. Y., is a hospital technician aboard an Army troop transport. To his brother, Charles Bacon Jr., a mess sergeant at Fort Lewis, Wash., he says: "Don't wish you hard luck, Charlie, but I wish you were here. I'm cooking the chow on this ship." . . . **Pvt. Ed Abney** drove a truck in Philadelphia, Pa., and still drives one for the QM in Iran. To his brothers, Pvts. Jesse and Collie Abney, he says: "Hello, and why don't you write! I hope to get home soon." . . . **Pvt. Charles Restivo** wants his old friends of Jersey City, N. J., and especially Pvt. Johnny Loicone, somewhere in N. Africa, to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

Pustorino *Johnson* *Myers*

S/Sgt. Dick Pustorino of Brooklyn is now in India and a long way from his old post at Fort Jay, N. Y. But he wants 1st Sgt. Bob Woolen and the rest of the old gang in 1201 CASU at Fort Jay to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . **T/Sgt. James P. Johnson,** China, says to his brother, Cpl. Kit Johnson in New Caledonia: "Hello, Cowpuncher. How's paradise isle? Wish we could get together." . . . **S/Sgt. M. J. Myers,** in the Middle East, wants to make a date with Sgt. William C. James, of APO 938, Seattle, for a little beer party at the Wagon Wheel after the war so they can exchange experiences.

Fletcher *Grove* *Copello*

T/Sgt. Stanley M. Fletcher wants Sgts. John Gerel and Gil French to know he's going to marry that little Irish girl in Massachusetts as soon as he gets back. Fletcher can be reached at YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . **Sgt. Wilford L. Grove** of Springfield, Ohio, sends this message to Pvt. Fred Wilt, at a California Infantry camp: "Haven't learned the Indian rope trick yet, but still trying. Write when you can." . . . **T/4 Vincent Copello Jr.,** a pharmacist aboard an Army transport, tells his brother, Nuncio Copello, Fort Wadsworth, N. Y.: "I'll be seeing you. Am due for a furlough soon."

Mail Call

(Dear) YANK:

Your first paper was okay. It was damn swell, but it stinks now. Your rag is lousy. To be truthful about the whole thing, I haven't seen an article about the Alaskan Highway that was worth looking at. It would be okay if you would change that damned paper so that we could get some news instead of a lot of bull. But now it stinks. Cream puffs.

—Pvt. PHILIP M. DOSS

Alaskan Highway

DEAR YANK:

As there are no fresh vegetables in the South Pacific, I recommend that every soldier leaving the States take with him several packages of seed. Vegetables take about a month to grow, so even if the sower moved up before the vegetables were ready, someone would benefit. Also persons writing to soldiers in the South Pacific should add a few packages of seed. The following are recommended: lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes, corn, carrots and watermelon.

—T/Sgt. DOUGLAS EDGERTON

New Caledonia

■ *Carrots?*

Dear YANK:

Whether employed or not, the Coast Guard Port of Boston Band must practice constantly to maintain its high standard. Here we are holding a jam session in a "concentration camp" on

Boston Common. From left to right: Cox'n Earl Friedman, Seaman Ray Michaud, Seaman Arthur (Rico) Bobrick, Boot Murray Witkoski, Cox'n Woody Maguire and Seaman Charley Durette.

—DAVID WEISMAN Cox. Section Leader

Boston, Mass.

Dear YANK:

Your editorial "How About the Next Year—and the Next 100 Years" [in a June issue] made me hot under the collar. Your policy of keeping the paper for enlisted men is all right, but limiting the discussion of peace terms and the kind of world we want after the war to enlisted men is absurd. You said [in a June issue] there are 185,000 officers in the Army, commissioned through OCS alone. Doesn't that give us the right to sound off? With that off my chest, here are my ideas for a better post-war world: We should work with our allies closely as now. We should disbelieve those who say certain countries on our side seek world domination and fight merely to further their own doctrines. After the war I feel that the desire to get back to the good old American way means letting politicians run the country without any thought on our part. We must have political responsibility ourselves and take an active part in civic affairs.

—2d Lt. T. W. MUNCH

Camp Sibert, Ala.

Dear YANK:

Pvt. Tom Andrews [in a May issue of YANK] asks that a little credit be given to the 32d Division for a major part in the battle for Buna. Sgt. E. J. Kahn Jr. covered the 32d Division from the time it left the States, through its training in Australia, to and including the New Guinea campaign. Censors forbade his mentioning the name of the division, but his stories were peppered with the exploits and names of men in that unit. I covered five stories about the 32d Division, including its combat engineers, chaplains, medics and grave registrars. All told YANK carried 22 stories on the 32d Division. No unit in the Southwest Pacific has received half as much story and picture space in YANK.

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON YANK Staff Correspondent

New Guinea

Dear YANK:

We have a serious complaint to register. You provide luscious pin-ups for the soldiers but neglect male pin-ups for Waacs. We are doing a good job down here in Arkansas but we do miss our men. How about providing us with

handsome pin-ups of the enlisted personnel who read your paper? We would appreciate their pictures far more than movie stars'.

—Sgts. ETHEL GILL and MARGARET DEL GENIO

Camp Monticello, Ark.

■ Any of you soldiers want to send your pictures to these sergeants? Send 'em to YANK; we'll forward 'em.

Dear YANK:

My plane was in Los Angeles at the height of the so-called zoot-suit riots. I saw several of them and was ashamed of the servicemen involved. It must be understood, and no amount of fancy newspaper baloney can hide it, that the zoot-suit riots were really race riots, directed mainly against the Mexican, and to some degree, the Negro citizens of Los Angeles. It's about time a certain element in the armed forces be told that a man can be a good American and a damn good citizen, regardless of the color of his skin, and has all the rights of a citizen. To those servicemen who took part in the riots I'd like to ask a question: What the hell uniform do you think you're wearing, American or Nazi?

—Crew Chief

Patterson Field, Ohio

Dear YANK:

If the man were here who wrote [in an April issue] "YANK Wants These Changes in Overseas Mail Regulations," he would have two black eyes and his ears burning. We don't get mail very often but when we do get a letter, we want the real thing, not some impersonal, mass-produced photograph. We know V-Mail is easier to handle but, dear sir, while you are trying to save cargo space with V-Mail, you're tearing down the morale of thousands of soldiers. How many V-Mail letters do you get? If you were on an island thousands of miles from home and women, you wouldn't like V-Mail.

—Sgt. RANDALL and Cpl. JACK GREENE

Alaska

■ Read the changes again, chums. Also read two other YANK editorials on the same subject in issues dated May 21 and June 4. Then you'll have the whole story.

Dear YANK:

I am tired of seeing the advertisements of large corporations portraying the GI, not only to sponsor their products but to attack labor as well. We all know there is no need for domestic trade advertising today. I suggest the corporations who do most of the spending for these ads donate their money to the Red Cross.

—Cpl. JOE BAILEY IRWIN

San Antonio, Tex.

DEAR YANK:

We've heard the War Department is contemplating drawing from limited-service ranks to reach the required quota necessary for our combat army. This certainly meets our approval. We are limited-service men solely because of poor vision. However, all of us have our eyes corrected to 20/20 with proper lenses. True it's a handicap, but with spare glasses and the optical corps following us into battle, it's one we can overcome. One must admit that the Japs have been able soldiers, yet a Nip can't see a foot without his windshields.

—Pfc. GEORGE FLEGLER*

Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

*Letter also signed by Pfcs. Frank A. Cecere, Fred J. Luscher and Pvt. Clyde W. Burnite.

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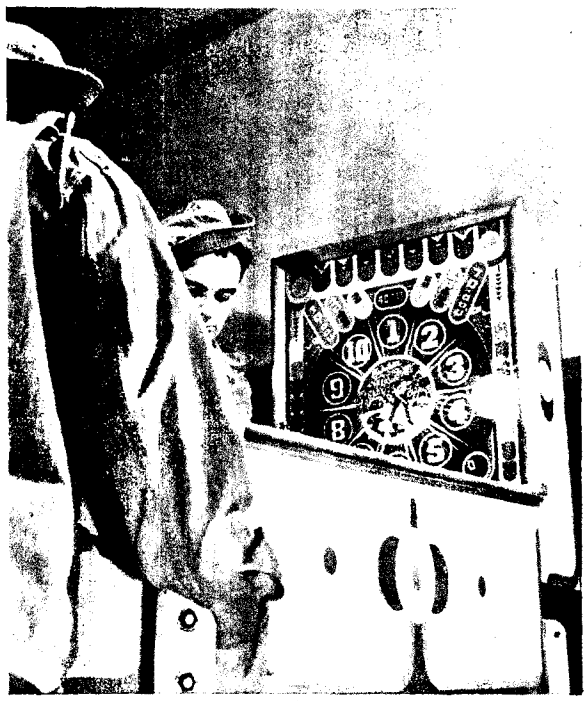
McTurk Drops a Slug

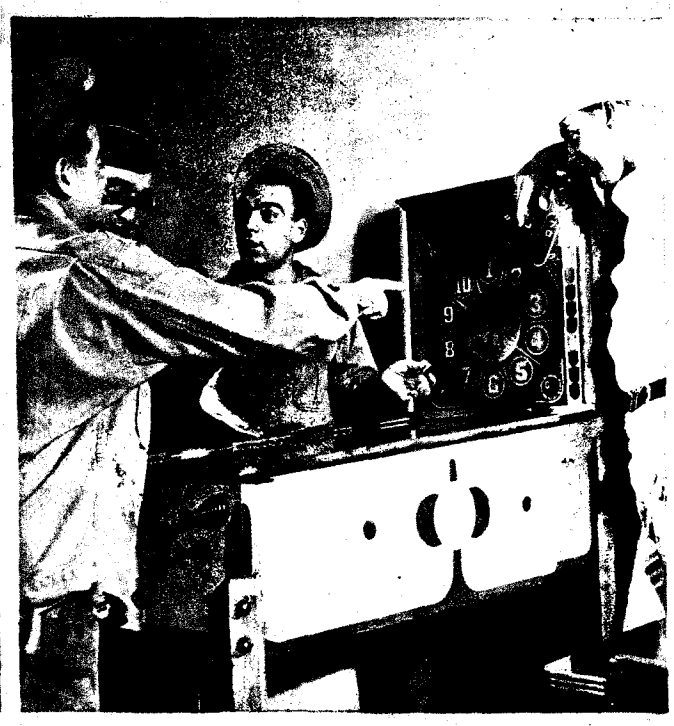
There was Pvt. Joe McTurk at his favorite sink, up to his elbows in suds, when his dishpan hands, groping for the missing wad of steel wool, clutched at a loose washer. A handy fellow at heart, McTurk decides to put the washer where it will do the most good—in the PX pinball machine. McTurk is played as usual like a seven-horse parlay by Pvt. Robert McCracken of Fort Belvoir, Va., where the photographs were made by Sgt. Pete Paris, now in Tunisia.

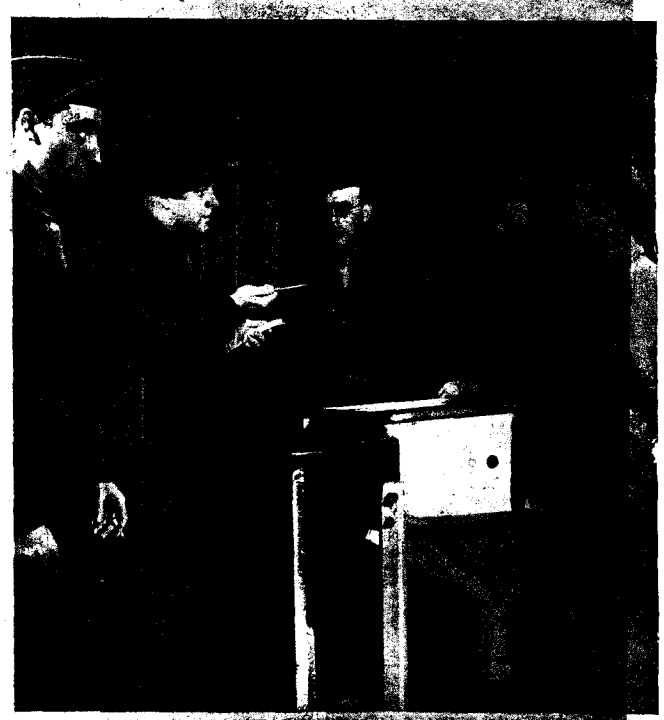


1 Having read YANK's gambling expose, Mac knows enough to get the pinball machine on top of his toes before he risks the slug. "That way I kin manoover better without chaking up a tilt against meself," he mutters. Already he's collecting an audience of refugees who are trying to get away from the stories about the Old Army being told by the master sergeant at the 3.2 beer bar. A respectful hush falls over the kibitzers and McTurk deposits the washer, expectorating on it carefully for good luck.

2 Taking a firm grasp on his nickel cheroot, McTurk fingers the plunger and then draws it back carefully. "I yam an old expert with plungers," he tells his public, "because I have put in more time as a latrine disorderly than any jerk in this army." "Ready, aim, fire!" cries a wag in the background and McTurk releases the projectile which rolls through the obstacle course. With the help of his calloused tootsies, the Pride of Staten Island manages to register 3,000, which isn't bad for a guy who never got further than hut, two in basic training, even with the whole platoon prompting him.

3 McTurk is confident now, picturing himself as a camp celebrity, The Man Who Broke Machine Number Three at the PX. "Dis reminds me of de old days," he crows, recalling the old days when three oranges in the back room of the corner cigar store meant more than orange juice. As Joseph snaps the second ball with his special Staten Island wrist twist which he developed opening beer bottles, the guardhouse lawyer under that rakish fatigue hat at the left attempts to give him unsolicited help.





4 "Hey you Technician Seventh Grade," growls McTurk, pointing a threatening finger, "Lay offen da machine. If ya wanta play, go finda slug yer own." "But pal," exclaims the misunderstood bystander, "I was only being helpful. We're all in this war together." "Dere will be no combined cooperations around here," barks McTurk. "I will not tolerate no dishonesty in no form. Besides ain't it high time you wuz filling out de orders on dem sheets of paper? Dose boys back inda barracks are getting hungry."

TILT Sure enough, too many crooks spoil the broth. McTurk's assistants get too helpful and the magic word "Tilt" flashes on the board when Joe has only 19,000 points to go and one ball left. The Dean of the Special Detail Candidates is beside himself. "Whassa madder, whassa madder," he wails. "Didden I tell yez to lay offen dis machine? I will not tolerate no dishonesty ——" "All right, all right," says the crowd. "You told us that in the last picture." "No considderashun for me feelins," complains McTurk. "They is lettin' all kinds rabble and trash into dis Army dese days."

6 Law and order arrives on the scene. "What is all this loud outcry?" asks the OD. "Oh, I might have known it was you McTurk." Mac flashes his disarming smile. "We wuz jest havin' a friendly game, sir, to whilst away the evening hour," he explains. Then somebody discloses the slug. "Ah-ha!" cries the OD. "A chisler, eh? Well, McTurk, you can expect a statement of charges next month for that washer. Don't you know that it is a violation of the Articles of War to gamble with government property?"

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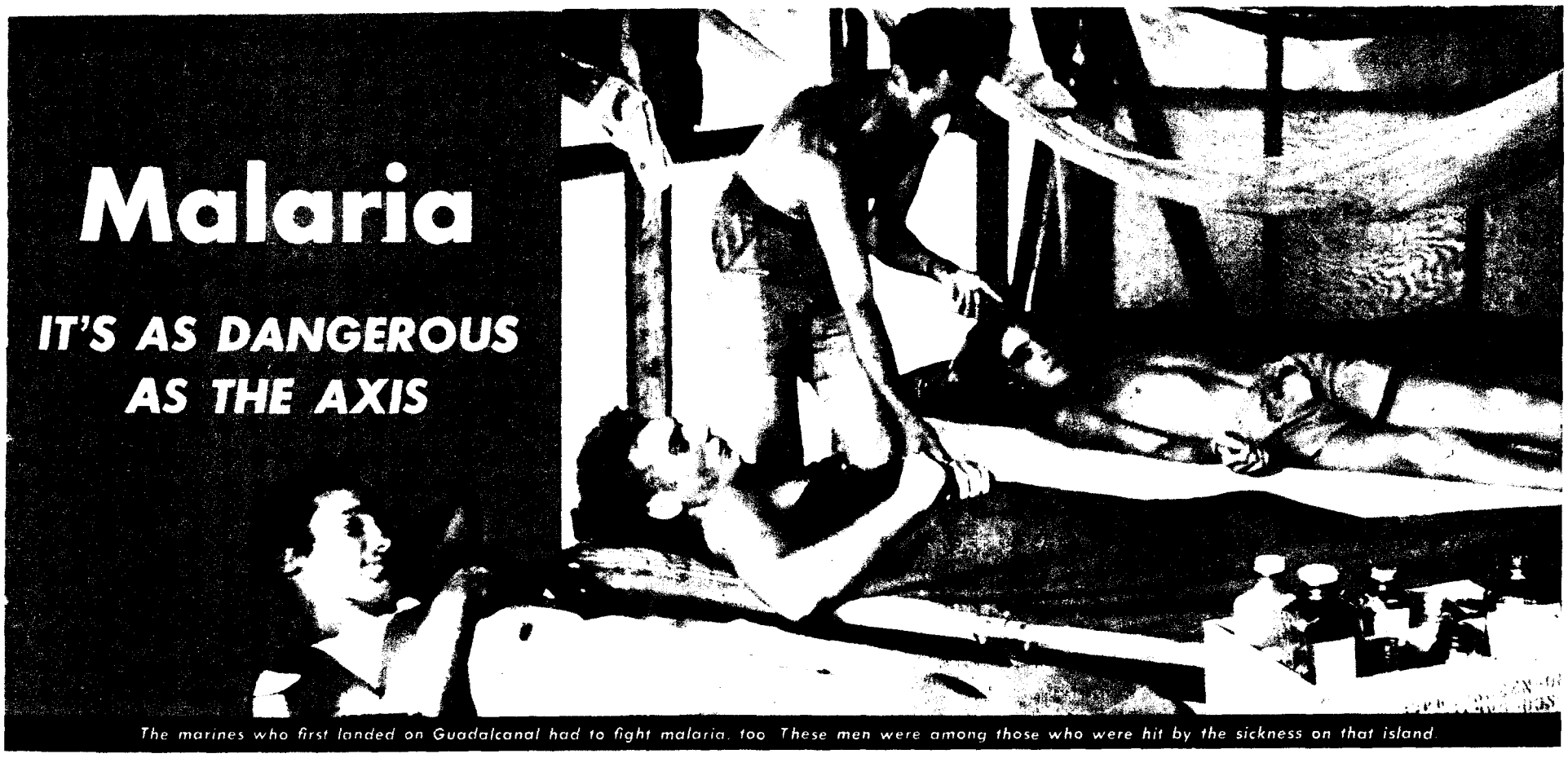
Malaria

IT'S AS DANGEROUS AS THE AXIS



The marines who first landed on Guadalcanal had to fight malaria, too. These men were among those who were hit by the sickness on that island.

Material for this article on malaria came from Sgts. Mack Morriss at Guadalcanal; Pete Paris, North Africa; Dave Richardson, New Guinea; Merle Miller, Hawaii; Bill O'Hollaren, Puerto Rico; and Cpls. R. L. Boyce, Australia, and Dick Paul, Washington.

THE average man in the Army, Navy and Marines stationed in the Temperate or Tropic Zone overseas faces as serious an enemy as the Axis in malaria, the disease whose lines may be broken but never completely wiped out.

This dread disease, not often fatal but too often causing casualties that overtax hospitals and weaken the fighting forces, is spread by female mosquitoes. About 60 kinds of these mosquitoes are known, but the lady who is most attracted to soldiers is known to medicine as the *Anopheles*.

Armies have been defeated in some wars by malaria. Recently there has been talk that atabrine, the little white pill developed by the Germans as a substitute for quinine, had malaria licked. But this isn't so. Atabrine helps control malaria, but it doesn't keep the soldier from being bitten by malaria-bearing mosquitoes. And it doesn't prevent mosquitoes from breeding.

When medics move into a malarial area, they immediately hunt up swamps and stagnant-water pools and drain or oil them. They spray insecticides wherever mosquitoes may hide. They screen buildings. Then they go to the hospital and wait for customers. For despite all the precautions, some soldiers are going to get malaria. Those who have had it once will do damned near anything to keep from getting it a second time. The greenhorns, however, have to learn the hard way.

The hard way starts when the soldier doesn't keep from getting bitten. Since the lady *Anopheles* is strictly a night prowler, smart GIs roll down their sleeves at sundown, cover up legs, hands and faces with clothing, even on guard duty. And when bunking for the night, they take careful precautions, using a mosquito net.

This indispensable piece of equipment is a net rigged over a cot by means of poles, T-crosses or any other handy aid, and carefully tucked under the blanket or whatever is used as a mattress. But by the time this job is finished, there are usually at least a dozen mosquitoes prowling around inside the netting. So the first job is to get rid of these uninvited guests by a game called "Ack Ack."

A flashlight is held between both feet and maneuvered like an AA spotlight. When a mosquito is caught in the beam of light, the hands come up and smash the mosquito. If you inspect your hands and find a dead mosquito you have a "confirmed victory." If you know you got the critter but can't prove it, it's only a "probable."

Once this battle is ended, you lie back and are lulled to sleep by the drone of the recons who circle the net all night. If in your sleep you get your arm or knee against the net, these recons put out an immediate alarm and start shooting through the netting. You wind up with malaria.

You must also be on guard against trickery. Our New Guinea correspondent reports cases out there where mosquitoes, unable to penetrate the net, perch on top of the netting and shout "Free beer," and when the sleeper sticks out his head to see what goes on, they let him have it.

The New Guinea report also says: "Mosquitoes out here are both monstrous and minute. They are big enough to make you want to dive for a slit trench when they buzz the field yet small enough to penetrate the finest mosquito bar. The females are armored with a hypo needle similar in size to that used by the medics and equally dull. When the needle is plunged to its hilt, the skeeter is standing on her head. She then starts the pump and doesn't shut off her motor until at least three big drops of your blood have been drawn and she is as full as a GI on pay night."

Malaria works this way:

Some person who has malaria, or who is a "carrier," gets bitten by a hungry lady mosquito. (For some reason, the male mosquitoes can bite you all night with no ill effect except an itch.) The lady mosquito gets a couple of drops of malarial blood in her stomach. The germs thrive in her stomach and within 10 days have become parasites which spread up into the salivary glands located in her stinger. Then the next time she stings, parasites are transmitted into the blood stream of the person who gets bitten. In the blood stream these parasites become spores which attach themselves to the red blood cells and grow until they burst the cells. Then they divide and destroy more blood cells. If this isn't stopped, the patient eventually will die.

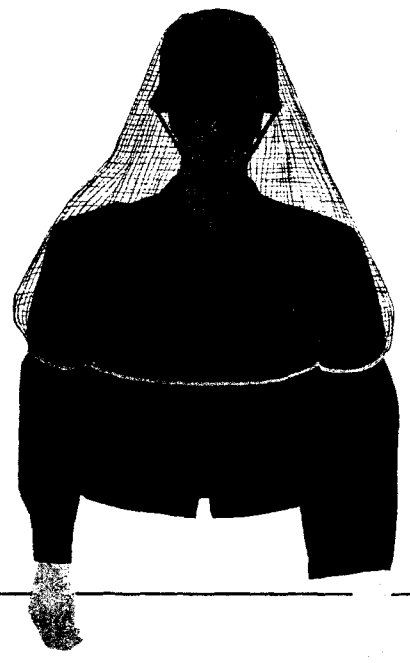
If you are bitten by a malaria-bearing mosquito, the first symptom you experience is a lazy feeling about three days after the bite. You yawn and stretch. Your muscles and bones begin to ache. Next you lose your appetite and may feel nauseated. Then come chills, which may last as long as eight hours. Then you get a terrific fever that may jump as high as 105 degrees. You sweat and the fever goes down. Then in a few hours, back come the chills and the chills-and-fever routine starts all over again.

By that time, you should be in a hospital where, with proper treatment, you'll recover in about 10 days and be on your feet but weak as a stuck pig. In your weak condition you are a push-over for any such disease as black-water fever that may be in the vicinity.

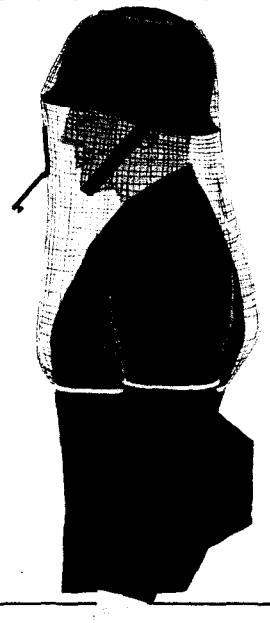
Safeguards against malaria start, then, with keeping from getting bitten. That means screening buildings, being careful to cover the skin with clothes at night and putting up the mosquito net while sleeping. It is also a very good idea to stay away from native villages, since the mosquitoes most often get malarial germs into their stomachs by biting natives who have malaria.

You can also take drugs which increase your resistance to malarial infection. In our Army the ration is atabrine. This may be taken several ways, depending on conditions, but the important thing is to take it exactly as you are ordered, or you'll be sorry. If you have had no orders, take half a pill each day and a whole pill on Sundays. Take atabrine on a full stomach, or you may get a little wheezy in the belly. If your skin gets a little yellow, don't get scared; your color will return to normal after you stop taking the atabrine.

A Soldier Designs a Tightly Fitting Anti-Malaria Headnet



HERE is a soldier's anti-malaria headnet for use in tropical areas, designed by Pvt. George T. Smith. The net fits tight around the top of the helmet with an elastic band that can be pulled down to the neck easily to permit use of gas mask. It also fits tightly with elastic bands around the arms and chest like a jacket. A trap-door type opening in front of the face, which snaps shut, allows the wearer to eat or smoke without removing the net. The elastic band around the helmet, arms and chest make it practically impossible for the malaria-bearing mosquito to take a crack at the face or neck.



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SHARE ALIKE. *Butch, English bull mascot for Battery B, 52d Bn. at Camp Callan, Calif., has his own mess kit but he wants to try some of First Sgt. Andy Yuhas' food, too.*

Camp News

THE post hospital at **Sheppard Field**, Tex., recently opened an outdoor beer garden for convalescent GIs. Business at the hospital boomed until the guys found out that no beer was being sold at the beer garden. . . . Pvt. Orie Blasingame, **Tyndall Field**, Fla., used to train flies for a living in civilian days. During retreat one afternoon a fly landed on Blasingame's nose. He coaxed it to light on his shoulder, where it stayed during the entire ceremony. . . . On Father's Day at **Camp Cooke**, Calif., soldiers were asked to pick temporary fathers from local townsfolk, giving dimensions and types of the fathers they wanted. Results showed fat, baldheaded papas were the most popular. . . . At an American Legion rodeo at Paris, Tex., Lt. Max Beerman and Pfc. Frank Dean of **Camp Maxey**, Tex., won top honors in the trick roping contest. They used to be cowhand buddies before they got in the Army. In the same rodeo Pfc. Joe Bredelaw took third place in the calf-roping contest with a time record of 44 seconds.

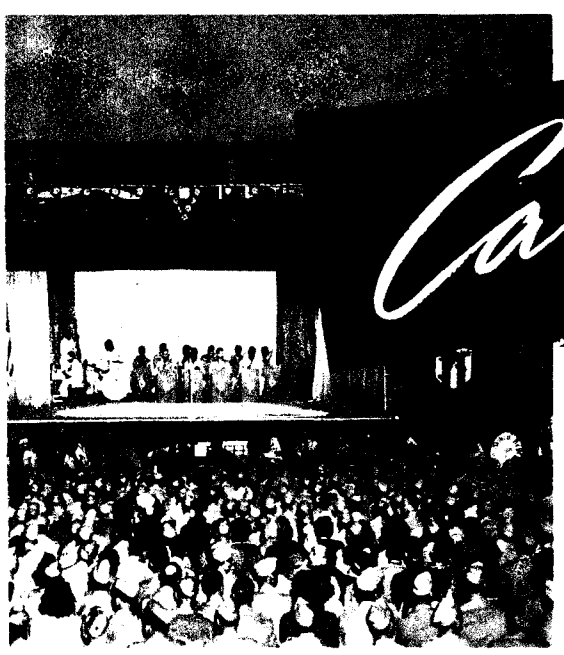
Gov. Edward Martin of Pennsylvania was the principal speaker at Flag Day ceremonies at **Olmstead Field**, Pa. . . . Waacs at **Camp Stoneman**, Calif., have started an antiprofanity campaign. The first Waac caught swearing gets socked a two-bit fine. One catface shelled out a dollar in advance. . . . When a stricken child at the Newburgh (N. Y.) hospital needed a rare-type blood transfusion, Pvt. Irving Lynn of **Stewart Field**, N. Y., volunteered. The transfusion saved the child's life. . . . M/Sgt. John Campbell, **AAB, Portland**, Oreg., recently celebrated 30 years of Army life. When he was asked if he had any complaints to make, Sgt. Campbell cracked: "Yeah, I've got 13 complaints—my wife and 12 daughters." . . . A survey at **Drew Field**, Fla., showed that steaks (preferably rare) were the most popular meat, turkey was next, and frankfurters the meat most of the men wanted no part of.

While skating on a rink at **Fort Huachaca**, Ariz., Waac Aux. Dorothy Jackson picked up a wallet containing 300 bucks. A minute after she returned the wallet to the rink office Cpl. Lyman Bostock came to claim it. A half-hour later Aux. Jackson and Cpl. Bostock were skating around the rink hand-in-hand. . . . "Send me some dirt from Altoona," wrote news-hungry Cpl. Robert Paterson from **Camp Stewart**, Ga. By return mail he got a letter from home containing a spoonful of good old Altoona (Pa.) dirt, carefully wrapped in an envelope. . . . When Cpl. Conrad Anthenien, **Camp Hale**, Colo., got married at the post chapel, his CO congratulated him and gave him a set of staff sergeant's chevrons as a wedding present. . . . The **Marianna** (Fla.) **AAB** candidate for the Army's youngest Waac is baby Linda Joyce Brock, daughter of Pfc. and Mrs. James Brock. At present assigned to the post hospital, Linda was made an honorary Waac two days after her birth.

Four Waacs hold service flags representing twenty-one soldiers in their families. At Fourth WAAC Training Center, at Camp Devens, Mass., they are (left to right) Auxiliary Anna E. Ryan, Auxiliary Mary Kidd, Auxiliary Ina Farry and Auxiliary Kathryn LaMaster.

Pvt. Jans Sell, **Camp Hood**, Tex., was born in Yokohama, Japan, of German parents. He became an American citizen last month. . . . The post theater of the **Sioux City** (Iowa) **AAB** shows a newsreel every two weeks featuring local base activities. . . . When fire swept a motor pool building at **Fort Dix**, N. J., a yardbird kept on painting the building roof because he hadn't been ordered to stop. . . . At **Camp Van Dorn**, Mass., S/Sgt. Charles Cuda found three baby bunnies curled up in his barracks bag. He plans to feed them through an eye dropper until they grow up. . . . In a male pin-up contest held by Waacs at **Dow Field**, Maine, Jack Benny and Boris Karloff tied for No. 1 honors. Runners-up were Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Bela Lugosi. . . . Pfc. Fred Rose, **Grand Rapids** (Mich.) **Weather Training School**, got up one morning and hollered: "Somebody's biting me!" At the same time Pfc. Ed. Koziaki, who sleeps over Rose, cried out: "I've been robbed!" It turned out that during the night Koziaki's false teeth had fallen on Rose's pillow and had bitten Rose in the neck.

At the **Clovis** (N. Mex.) **AAB**, 14 GIs have successfully completed an eight-week medical course. They are: T/3 Will Rost, Sgts. Morton Buchanan and William Sessoms, T/4 George Vining, T/5s George Catrow, Jack Duer, George Hillman, Henry Kiwak, Ortwin Ries and Monrose Scelzi, Pfcs. Morris Pflantzer and Edward Kasprzak, and Pvt. Roscoe Rogers. . . . After Waac Aux. Dorris Ware arrived for duty at



OPENING NIGHT. *Men of the Camp Pickett (Va.) Medical Replacement Training Center built this theater, using scrap materials. Inaugural program featured Lt. Lanny Ross.*

ARMY GARDEN. *At the Stuttgart Army Air Field, Arkansas, they are proving that they can raise vegetables for victory as well as any civilian. An important factor is Gwendolyn, an Army mule, shown here with Pvt. Flavius Long, the man behind the plow. In the background: three GI agriculturists.*

TWO CENTURIES. *Or close to it. This line-up represents 187 years' service. At the First Student Training Regt., Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga., they are: 1st Sgt. Lawrence A. Beck, M/Sgt. Charles S. Collins, Sgt. Albert A. Gaydos, 1st Sgt. Manford G. Metcalf, 1st Sgt. Louis F. Cody, M/Sgt. Elton Stewart and 1st Sgt. Vane W. Towler.*

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Maxwell Field, Ala., she spent three days trying to locate her husband, A/C Cecil Ware, who is also stationed there. On the fourth night she found him but they couldn't meet because she was on KP detail, and on the fifth night she got off but he was on guard duty. The report didn't say what happened on the sixth night. . . . Student parachute troops at **Fort Benning,** Ga., now pack their chutes to the tunes played by juke boxes, which are installed in all the camp's packing sheds. Experiments showed that high-brow music cut the packing time by 5 percent, jive by 15, and the Andrew Sisters by 30 percent.

Selman Field, La., and YANK celebrated their first birthday anniversaries at the same time. *True Drift*, the Selman weekly, came out with a whopping 14-page anniversary issue. . . . Maj. Gen. Bruce Magruder sent a letter to the CO of the 67th Infantry Battalion, **Camp Wolters,** Tex., congratulating him on "the high state of training" shown by the battalion in recent maneuvers. . . . Cpl. Pat Patterson, **Camp Roberts,** Calif., has given the Red Cross 86 blood donations in the last four years. . . . Chow hounds at Mess Hall No. 4, **Keesler Field,** Miss., now eat their stews to the tunes of swing music from the mess-hall juke box. . . . Admiral Allen, Lieutenant Garnes, and General Merriweather are buck privates at **Mather Field,** Calif. . . . Sign in the enlisted mens' mess at **Nashville** (Tenn.) **Army Air Center:** "PLEASE USE FINGER BOWLS." . . . At **Camp Campbell,** Ky., Pfc. Allen Osten broke his right hand and had to ask his buddies to help him write love letters to his girl. But just to make sure his buddies don't double-cross him, Osten types out his girl's address with his left hand—and in strict privacy.

GIs at Camp Polk, La., call Cpl. Raymond L. Larson of Council Bluffs, Iowa, a dream mail orderly. Sorting mail for Hq. Co., 11th Armd. Div., he claims he knows each man by name and holds all-day mail call whenever he can, because he would just hate to be disliked by anyone.

Camp Beale Menagerie

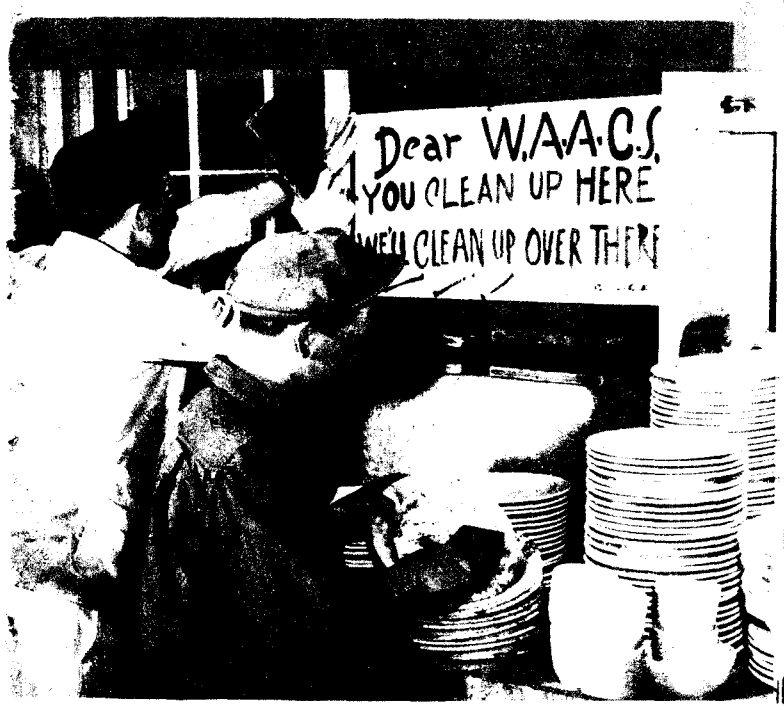
The largest menagerie in the Army, boasts the PRO of Camp Beale, Calif., is being collected at that camp. In fact, says the release, so many fawns, jackasses, dogs, coons and chicken hawks are wandering about the place that they "soon will be outnumbering the second lieutenants."

HIGH EXPERT. *Pfc. Mahlon E. Rieke, of Auburn, Ind., made a record at Parris Island, S. C., Marine Base by shooting 328 out of a possible 340 with an M1. He'd never fired a rifle before.*

FIGHTING COCKS. *S/Sgt. John W. Harris with a Pure Old Time Traveler Cock at Wendover Field, Utah. He sold his birds when inducted but had some shipped to him later.*

BRUSHING UP. *Pfc. Robert J. Clarke of Waterbury, Conn., studies Chinese during Third Army maneuvers in Louisiana. Once a teacher in China, he hopes his knowledge will be useful.*

COOLING OFF. *Hot paratroopers douse themselves with water from a Tennessee stream during Second Army maneuvers. They had been secretly landed behind the "enemy" lines.*



WELCOME SIGN. *A couple of KPs at Spokane Army Air Field, Wash., get ready for a WAAC contingent just arrived at the post. Two Waacs working on these dishes means two more Yanks relieved for combat.*

ALABAMA LEGS. *This is part of a chorus of local beauties who contributed their services to "Sweet, Hot, and Khaki," a musical revue produced by the men of Camp Rucker, Ala., and held at the City Hall auditorium in Dothan, Ala. The show featured an Army cast of over 200, including many former professional music and theater men, plus 30 girls. Proceeds went to the Red Cross Camp and Hospital Fund.*

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HOLLYWOOD. In "Standing Room Only," the latest film lampooning Washington, Paulette Goddard plays a secretary who hired herself and her boss (Fred MacMurray) out as servants to get a place to stay. . . . Errol Flynn's next bears the ironical title, "Uncertain Glory.". . . Walter Brennan, Hollywood's only three-time Academy Award winner, will play a 74-year-old Russian patriot in "The North Star." . . . When "Stage Door Canteen" had an advance showing at an Army base in Brazil, the guest of honor was Maxim Litvinov, Soviet ambassador to the U. S. He was flying back to Washington from a mission to South America. . . . Jack Benny will star in the Mark Hellinger production, "The Horn Blows at Midnight.". . . Musicals are the main fare of the film capital right now. MGM has 13 scheduled for the current year, a record for one company. . . . Margaret Landry, the Louisiana girl whose picture adorns the crack train *Southern Belle* out of New Orleans, will have the feminine lead in "Adventures of a Rookie.". . . Anticipating that "If You Please" will be a hit after Bing Crosby sings it in Paramount's "Dixie," Famous Music Corporation has ordered 100,000 copies, the largest first printing on record of a song from a motion-picture score. . . . Dooley Wilson, whose rendition of "As Time Goes By" in "Casablanca" made a hit of a so-so song of a decade ago, has signed a long-term contract with RKO-Radio. . . . Louis Calhern, who played the title role in a road company of "Life with Father," returns to the movies as an Army colonel in "Up in Arms."

Paulette Goddard

COAST TO COAST. Cincinnati's radio station WCKY has inaugurated a "Tackle for Troops" movement to send fishing tackle to GI Izaak Waltons. . . . Judy Garland guested as soloist at Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia with Andre Kostelanetz as conductor. . . . Boris Karloff's "Arsenic and Old Lace" company played the Portland (Oreg.) Community Auditorium for four nights and drew well enough to encourage a return engagement. . . . The Chicago Theater in Chicago will continue its policy of starring name bands; Les Brown, Glen Gray, Woody Herman and Ozzie Nelson are scheduled for July. . . . Robert Stanton Gill, director of Carnegie Tech's Little Theater, is directing the summer season of the Pittsburgh Playhouse. . . . Dorothy Lewis is back at the Minnesota Terrace of the Hotel Nicollet in Minneapolis for her fourth season with an ice show; the 1943 edition is titled "Modernetasia.". . . Pvt. Harold Rome, who wrote the score of Labor Stage's "Pins and Needles," has written a soldier revue which Broadway producers will scout when it is produced at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., July 25. . . . Salt Lake City's Hotel Utah closed its Empire Room for the summer and opened its roof nitery, the Starlight Gardens, with Cee Davidson's band featured. . . . Lt. Stirling Hayden, USMC, petitioned a Bridgeport (Conn.) court for permission to change his name to John Hamilton; said being a movie celebrity hampers his career as a leatherneck. . . . Sign on a theater marquee in Virginia: "GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE WITH J. BENNY, ANN SHERIDAN—ALSO 7 SWEETHEARTS.". . . The most popular juke-box numbers, according to *Down Beat:* "As Time Goes By," "Let's Get Lost," "Don't Get Around Any More," "Taking a Chance on Love," "I've Heard That Song Before," "That Old Black Magic," "Cabin in the Sky," "Velvet Moon," "Brazil" and "Murder, He Says."

Judy Garland

Jean Rogers

Now is the time for all good New Englanders to stand up and point with pride. For Jean is New England's gift to Hollywood and, as is plain to see, she is quite a package. Specifically, she was born in Belmont, Mass., which has nothing to do with the fact that her next picture for MGM is "Swing Shift Maisie."

Washington's Mill near Fort Belvoir, Va.
—Sgt. Paul Galdone, Fort Belvoir, Va.

COMPANY STREET

RANK. At an Army base in **Tunisia** Pvt. Dominick Albonizio was asked to sew a pair of sleeves on a jacket belonging to a newly arrived guest at the base. The guest was King George VI of England. . . . Pfc. Joe E. Robinson and T/5 Wilbur Fendrick thumbed a ride home from **North Africa** in the same plane with Chief of Staff Gen. George C. Marshall. . . . Announcement in the Palmyra (N.Y.) *Courier-Journal:* "Pfc. Warren D. Smith graduated from the Army Air Force Technical Training School at **Truax Field,** Wis., after training for first-class radio operator, mechanic, machine gunner, bombardier and commando fighter."

PRISONERS. After Pvt. John Pehanick, of an Infantry outfit in **Tunisia,** captured his first cousin, Andrew Petach of the *Afrika Korps,* he wrote his mother: "Send me a list of all my cousins on the other side. I want to capture them all.". . . The first thing a Jap prisoner asked Sgt. John Zberill, of a Marine unit in the **Solomons,** was: "When you Malines be in Tokyo?". . . Pvt. Bill Connell walked up to a Nazi prisoner in **Bizerte** and said: "Can you talk English?" "Hell, yes," said the prisoner, "I used to live in Brooklyn." Then Connell found that the Nazi once lived next door to him in Brooklyn. . . . Cpl. Howard Hoyt was in a Marine squad that trapped a bunch of Japs inside a cave in **Tulagi.** When the Japs refused to come out, the marines threw grenades in the cave, but the Japs threw them back just as fast. Then the marines threw grenades and coconuts at the same time, and in a short time there were no Nips left to be taken prisoner.

MONEY. Sgt. C. H. Yorke traveled all the way from **Coffeyville** (Kans.) **Air Base** to see his girl in Medway, Maine. When he got there he couldn't see her because she was quarantined. The round trip cost him 110 bucks, and all he got out of it was a phone call and the ride. . . . Cpl. John Bobb, **Camp Carson,** Colo., has shelled out $100,000 for War Bonds so far. . . . Lt. Austin White, of a Marine outfit in the **South Pacific,** bought his wife an island in the Coral Sea for $750. "She wasn't enthusiastic about moving there, though," he said. . . . A soldier at **Fort Knox,** Ky., used to wake his wife for work every morning by ringing her number at Louisville, Ky. One morning she forgot she wasn't supposed to answer the phone and picked up the receiver. "Dammit," hollered the soldier, "why did you answer the phone? It's cost me my last 30 cents!"

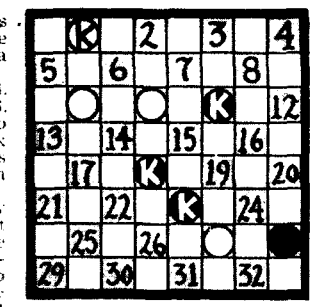
GI LOVE. When Pvt. Douglas Elliot, **Fort Leavenworth,** Kans., visited his girl friend at Leavenworth, she offered to fry him some onions as part of a little lunch. The next day he got a frantic telephone call from his girl's mother. Elliot and his girl friend had eaten all the family's choice tulip bulbs. . . . When Pvt. Joe Moscar, **Camp Grant,** Ill., proposed to his girl in Milltown, N. J., over the radio during a camp broadcast, she said okay. But when Moscar suggested that they get married over the radio, too, she turned thumbs down. "He'll have to wait until he gets here on furlough" she said.

CHECKER STRATEGY

How can White win? It's easy to see how White appears to be forced into a loss, thus:

White moves 27 to 24. Black replies 11 to 16. White is forced to go 24 to 20 or lose the piece. Black replies 18 to 14 and gets two for one—good enough to win!

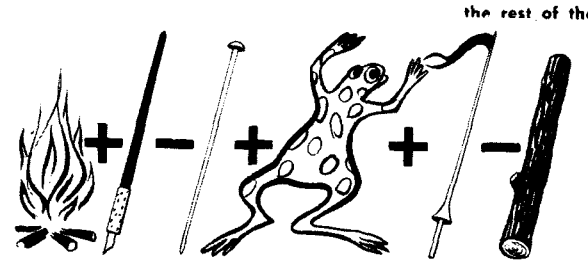
In spite of this gloomy picture, it is White, not Black, who cops the duke here. But he's got to uncork some tricky stuff to accomplish it. Try to figure it out. Not hard, so don't turn to page 22 too quickly for the answer. Number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown to help you follow the moves given in the solution.

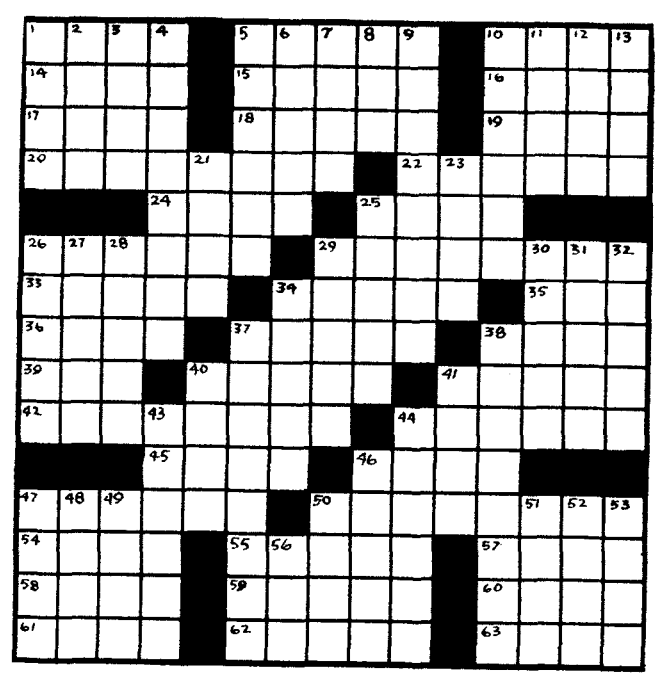


WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

DOUBLE PUZZLE

Solve the Picture Puzzle by adding or subtracting the pictured objects as indicated. The result will be two words forming the name of one of our Allies. Fill this into the Crossword Puzzle, 19 across and 22 across. Then try to solve the rest of the Crossword Puzzle.





ACROSS

1. Aleutian Island
5. To imprint
10. Lacking hearing
14. Army car
15. Bet
16. This is really in the middle
17. Asiatic lake
18. Flush with success
19. (First word of Picture Puzzle answer)
20. Memo
22. (Second word of Picture Puzzle answer)
24. Charges
25. Commit mayhem upon
26. Home base (plural)
29. Germs
33. Prepared to fire
34. Skirmish
35. Girl's name
36. Back
37. Burrowing animals
38. Dressed
39. Coast Guard School (abbr.)
40. Distributes cards
41. American pioneer
42. Revolutionary War mercenaries
44. Throbs
45. Insects
46. Symbol of saintliness
47. Package
50. Absence of light
54. Prevaricator
55. Indian tribe
57. Bad
58. Cutting tool
59. American officer in Revolutionary War
60. Girl's nickname
61. Require
62. Fake punch
63. Haughty person

DOWN

1. Slightly open
2. Mixed up tree
3. Group of persons pulling together
4. Moralist
5. People of a Scandinavian country
6. Stories
7. Seaweed
8. Encountered
9. Prologues
10. Slender
11. Deserve
12. Smart guy
13. Run away
21. Require
23. Ceremony
25. Men
26. Dry up
27. A lord paramount
28. Collect
29. Chimes
30. Serbian measure
31. Silly
32. S. A. mountain range
34. Low groans
37. Baked hamburger (2 words)
38. Army officers
40. Eat
41. Mass
43. Holy
44. Progenitor
46. Famous golfer
47. Devise
48. Assistant
49. Burn down
50. Surrealist painter
51. Level
52. Combining form—"Chinese"
53. Thick slice
56. End of aisle

(Solution on page 22)

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POST EXCHANGE

The Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

"It Will Be a Pleasure"

He was a good noncom, a little older than the rest of us, a quiet guy who didn't talk much but knew his stuff. In a nice way he was strictly GI, but not tough or snotty. Like once when I had trouble hitting the ground right, he said: "Don't worry about it. If a shell's coming, you'll hit the ground fast and flat, without a book telling you how."

He never went to town but hung around the barracks at night, reading a lot—books, the papers, anything. He never got much mail, just a letter now and then. And from the way he opened it you knew that it wasn't from a girl. Every night about 9 he'd turn out the lights and jump into bed. Never even had a bull session with the fellows when the lights were out and you were lying in bed and thinking and talking about your girl.

So this Saturday night I was in town, waiting for a date, and a soldier tells me that the sarge is shipping out, going on cadre, straight for the boat ride. And that he asked for it.

After the date, which turned out to be nothing, I stopped in for a beer and sandwich before I hit for camp. The bar was empty except for the sarge. He was drinking a beer.

I said, "Hear you're shipping out."

He nodded. "Leaving tomorrow." Then he grinned. "Came into town just so I could say I've been here."

"They say it's the boat ride. Tell me, you scared?"

He shrugged. "I guess so. But it wouldn't make any difference how scared I was. I've been waiting for this chance a long time. It seems almost too good to be true."

I stared at him. He looked so damn happy.

"I know what you're thinking," he said, "but you don't understand. You haven't been hurt yet. This war doesn't mean anything to you, really. Just something you're sweating out till you can get back to your girl."

"What's it mean to you?"

His hand gripped the beer glass. "It means a chance to fight back at every damn thing I've ever hated, to take a crack at every sonovabitch in the world." And as an afterthought: "And feeling sure this time my side is going to win."

I didn't get what he was talking about. I said, "You sound like you've been in it before."

"I have."

That puzzled me. He was either drunk or bulling me. He sure wasn't old enough for the first World War. So I asked, "Yeah, where was that?"

He didn't answer for a while. Then the words started tumbling out. "Sure you're scared—you're so damn scared you can't think, so frightened you—. But it's okay after the first blow-off, and after that you feel swell. Even when it's tough you like it because this is the show-down you've been waiting for all your life, and you're on the right side."

He stopped for a minute. "I got scars on my back—got them in a Nazi prison camp. But I fought those bastards for 15 months before they caught me. That's another reason I want to go back. Got more to straighten out, more to be sore about this time."

"I never heard of any army fighting in Germany yet."

He shook his head. "Not Germany—Spain, the International Brigade."

We didn't talk for a time. He kept staring at the bar, remembering things. After a while I got up. "Coming back to camp?"

"Later."

I hesitated. "What do you think about this war? I mean—going over and . . .?"

He laughed. "It's the same war, only this time it's going to be different, with all the weapons and supplies we have. This time, kid, it will be a pleasure, a real pleasure." —Pfc. LEN ZINBERG

Wright Field, Ohio

LIFE IN DARKEST AFRICA
as inspired by
BUSH WEEKLY

Vol. II, No. 11 A.P.O. [illegible], c/o Postmaster, Miami, Fla. April 29, 1943

Whenever I find myself sorry for American troops stationed in Africa, I take out my copy of the *Bush Weekly* and read it through again. It is published by the Army boys at Bushtown, Africa, and it never fails to cheer me up.

My copy is Vol. II, No. 11, and if it presents a true picture of life in Africa, then it's me for the Dark Continent, posthaste!

"Do not buy diamonds from unlicensed dealers in town," declares a stern front-page item from the provost marshal's office.

"The beach party was a huge success," continues this wonderful document. "Strange as it seems, there was beer left over!"

A bunch of noncoms are described as "having a fine time watching the dancers and the gaily decorated hall" at a dance in town. "White Cargo" is playing at the local theater, and the baseball league has narrowed down to a race between the "Original Diesels" team, the "Wog Pushers" and the "Shack Rats."

Practically everybody is leaving for Air Force Administrative OCS, according to the *Bush Weekly*. This always rankles a little, because I have been trying to get into Air Force Administrative OCS since last Oct. 9. The other day, after reading the *Bush Weekly*, I called up our OCS office.

"Cancel my application," I told them. "I've just found out that the shortest way to Miami Beach is around the Cape of Good Hope. If anything comes up you can wire me care of the 'Original Diesels' in the Lower Congo, or you can always have me paged at the Bushtown Strutters Ball."

Life in Darkest Africa, as I picture it from the *Bush Weekly*, runs something like this:

Us guys wake up and reach for the financial section of the morning paper to see what price they are quoting on diamonds that day.

"My God, I'm wiped out!" screams a technical sergeant. "I should have sold my holdings, like I had a hunch to!" And he stalks out into the jungle, never to return until chow call at noon.

We all go down to the railroad station to say goodbye to that day's crop of departing officer candidates. This leaves only two of us in camp, until the new shipment of men comes in about 1:15.

"How soon do we leave for OCS?" they cry, tumbling out of the troop train. "How much are you guys asking for diamonds today?"

We all turn out for the afternoon beach party, and as usual we can't drink the beer as fast as it's handed to us. Just then the oblong figure of the first sergeant appears atop a sand dune to our rear, his hands on his fat hips and legs akimbo.

"Jeez, you dopes!" he snarls, "Don't you know you got a baseball game for this afternoon?"

Some of the men get up to play baseball, others wander off to OCS, but I just lie there moodily on the sand, letting a little stream of diamonds trickle from one hand to the other. —Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

Santa Ana (Calif.) Army Air Base

"Hello headquarters. Guess where I am!"

—Sgt. Ted Miller, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

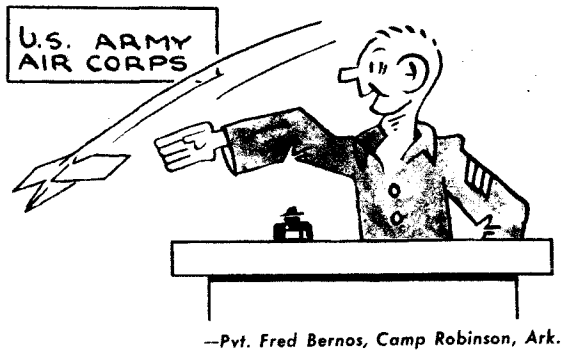
LINES ON MUTTON

Come landlord, fill the festive bowl,
Yet harken before you do.
By the hilt of my knife, you forfeit life
If you fill it with mutton stew.

O give me a home where the buffalo roam,
And give me a six-gun true.
Then dig a ditch for the sonovabitch
Who offers me mutton stew.

—Pfc. J. MURPHEY

England



—Pvt. Fred Bernos, Camp Robinson, Ark.

GI INSOMNIA

I've got tags that jingle jangle jingle
As I toss and wriggle all night long,
And their clankings softly intermingle
With the sighs, moans and cussing in my song.

Comes the dawn I'm set to grab some shuteye,
And the sarge blows the whistle loud and long.
I want sleep and plenty of it, but I
Can hear that whistle blowing loud and long.

AAF, Marianna, Fla. —T/5 ABRAHAM STERN

SPECIALTY OF THE HOUSE

The chow at our mess is just fair,
Though mostly it's coffee and air;
But I add in just haste
There's one dish to our taste:
The sirloins are always quite rare.

Fort Eustis, Va. —Pvt. DAVID ALTMAN

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. John Bushemi. 2, 3, 4—Sgt. George Aarons. 5—INP. 6—Sgt. Bob Ghio. 8—Walter D. Teague League. 12, 13—Ghio, PRO Camp Croft, AAF Moore Field, Aarons, U. S. Sig. Corps, WW, PRO Camp White, Sig Corps, HQ Armored Force, INP, Bushemi, INP. 16—Sgt. Pete Paris. 17—U. S. Navy. 18—top left, Acme; top right, BPR; left center, Med. PRO Camp Pickett; lower left, AAF Southeast Tng. Center; lower right, Infantry School. 19—top left, Acme; top right, AAF; left center, BPR; center, Sig. Corps; right center, WW; lower left, BPR; lower right, Camp Rucker, PRO. 20—MGM. 21—top, Paramount; bottom, MGM. 23—top, Acme; bottom, INP.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

DOUBLE PUZZLE

FIRE + PEN—PIN + FROG + LANCE—LOG = FREE FRANCE

CHECKER STRATEGY

White King moves from 1 to 5. Black King jumps 23 to 32. . . . White moves 10 to 7. Black King must jump 11 to 2. . . . White moves 9 to 6. Black King must jump 2 to 9. . . . White King jumps 5 to 14 to 23 and Black goes out like a light—even though he has a King and a single man against White's lone King. WHITE WINS.

A	T	T	U		S	T	A	M	P
J	E	E	P		W	A	G	E	R
A	R	A	L		E	L	A	T	E
R	E	M	I	N	D	E	R		F
			F	E	E	S		M	A
P	L	A	T	E	S		B	A	C
A	I	M	E	D		M	E	L	E
B	E	A	R		M	O	L	E	S
L	G	S		D	E	A	L	S	
W	E	S	S	I	A	N	S		P
			A	N	T	S		H	A
P	A	R	C	E	L		D	A	R
L	I	A	R		O	S	A	G	E
A	D	Z	E		A	L	L	E	N
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D E A F
E A L L
F R E E
F R A N C E
M A I M
T E R R I A
A N N
C L A D
B O O N E
P U L S E S
H A L O
D A R K N E S S
E V I L
L E N A
'S N O B

Tee-Total Winners

Puzzle Kit winners in the Tee-Total contest for June 11, and their scores, are G. W. Patterson, AAFCC, San Antonio, Tex. (407); Sgt. Milton Gluck, Fort Jay, N. Y. (389); Sgt. Donald Farquhar, Santa Rosa, Calif., and Lt. Paul Woodall, Atlanta, Ga. (tied at 384), and Pvt. Grenville Bridgman, Fort Ord, Calif.; Pvt. W. G. Nuessle, ASTU, Minneapolis; Bill Schille Sea 1/c, Tillamook, Oreg., and Lt. Henry Stevens, Fort Niagara, N. Y. (tied at 383). Patterson's solution, with the rare word *sumph* (meaning a sulky person, in Scotland), is shown here.

S	U	M	P	H
U				U
C	U	B	E	B
C				B
U				U
M				B
B				S

Since this is the second time that Lt. Woodall has been a winner, he has asked us to send his Puzzle Kit to Sgt. Granville Brown, AAB, Dyersburg, Tenn. And here's a word to Sgt. Farquhar, who is also a winner for the second time: If you'd like another kit, write us and we'll send it on, or we'll ship it to a friend if you'll give us his address.

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SPORTS: RICE KNEW HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE sun-baked stadium at Randalls Island, N. Y., was empty. Gunder Haegg and the big crowd that had come out to see him run Greg Rice into the ground had gone home. Beneath the concrete stands in the locker room, Rice, the little merchant sailor, lay prostrate on a rubbing table with a doctor at his side.

He was a pathetic sight, with his solid stocky body shaking violently from muscular convulsions. When he tried to talk, tears clouded his eyes and he choked up.

"Nobody would believe me when I said I wasn't in shape," he said. "I'm not trying to alibi, but I was stiff and I couldn't give it my best. I tried."

Everybody who saw the 5,000-meter race knew Greg never once let up. He was still pouring it on going into the last lap when Haegg led him by almost 100 yards. He could have easily spared himself the awful agony of that stretch kick, but instead he sprinted desperately to close up the yawning gap. And he did manage to cut it in half.

That final burst of speed was a magnificent sight. Rice's little legs churned faster and faster, almost in time with the "Notre Dame Victory March" that blared from the loudspeaker as he started into the last two laps. The crowd, utterly spellbound at Gunder the Wunder, suddenly came to life as Rice spurted, then began cheering him home. Even one of the weary contestants on the field, who had already been lapped, ran along with Rice as far as he could, urging him on.

Rice was beaten, all right, as solidly as any champion has been beaten, but he has nothing to be ashamed of. He ran a good race, the best race he had in him that day. If he had been in better condition it might have been much closer.

Greg never told the newspapers just how poorly conditioned he was for that race. He often hinted that he couldn't get the time or the facilities to train properly at the Merchant Marine Academy. Actually, he conditioned himself by running on the concrete roads around the academy and playing touch football with the cadets and midshipmen.

Rice was asked why he didn't use the three-mile event at the Metropolitan AAU Championships, a few weeks before the Randalls Island special, as a practice race.

"I was afraid my time figures would discourage the customers from coming out to see the Haegg race," he explained. "Just the other day I ran a two-mile time trial and barely lasted the distance. Can you guess what the watch read?" he asked. "Here's what—9:48. Yeah, I broke 10 minutes all right."

The real tip-off on Rice's poor condition came from Howard Von Elling, the wise old NYU track coach. Before the race, he warned that Rice had no business on the same track with Haegg.

"Rice can't beat the Swede," he said. "He's been walking around with a heavy chest cold for three weeks and he's got a bad case of shin splints from running on those concrete roads."

Rice has now admitted that he didn't want the race, and that he told Dan Ferris, the big AAU man, that he wasn't in shape to handle Haegg. Ferris, it seems, persuaded him to go through with it, because, Ferris assured him, the American track fans were expecting it of him. The repercussions from this were terrific. Dan Parker of the New York *Mirror* dipped his pen in vinegar and wrote:

". . . It suddenly becomes obvious that Greg Rice was used as a sacrificial goat to enhance the Swift Swede's already great reputation. . . . Rice didn't have the ghost of a chance of beating Haegg and knew it, but, motivated by patriotism and good sportsmanship, permitted himself to be used as a stooge to make Gunder's debut successful. . . . Rice agreed to race Haegg at the distance selected by Gunder, although he is at his best at two miles and Gunder at longer distances. With little time to train, Rice did the best he could because the race meant so much to the Army Air Forces Aid Society, Inc., for whose benefit it was staged."

Rice probably won't get another shot at Haegg before Gunder goes back to Sweden in August. The Merchant Marine has ordered Rice to sea on a cadet-midshipman cruise that will last about a month. This leaves Gilbert Dodds, the Boston divinity student, with the dubious honor of chasing Haegg on the rest of his American tour.

Dodds is a crazy runner, and a lot of experts are saying that he might easily give Haegg many anxious moments if the distance is right—two miles or under. They like his chances, because he's a slugger. He never ordains a set race for himself. He just tears after the guy in the lead and tries to run him into the ground. But in this case, it will be Haegg that he will look in the eye, and Dodds doesn't seem to be cut out for the job. Count Fleet would be a more suitable candidate.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Can you identify these Cardinal stars at the pennant ceremony in St. Louis? Left to right: Pvt. Frank Crespi, Pvt. Enos Slaughter, Lt. John Beazley.

ATTENTION, **Pvt. Armond Durocher,** somewhere in the Caribbean: Your flannel-mouth brother, Leo, will be down to see you and the rest of the GIs in that area as soon as the baseball season is over. From there, he will hop across the pond to entertain troops in England and North Africa. . . . **Bob Peoples,** the Southern California fullback and javelin-throwing champion, writes from North Africa that he must have the only football on the continent. Every time he takes it out to practice punting there's such a crowd around that he must take his turn along with the rest. . . . **Fred Apostoli BMlc,** the former middleweight champion, who now heads up a Navy gun crew, figures he's the luckiest sailor in the whole Navy. A few days after he was transferred from his old gun crew, they were all killed in battle.

It's now **Pvt. Boo Morcom** at the Camp Wheeler (Ga.) Basic Training Center. He's triple champion (high jump, pole vault, broad jump) of the recent IC4A meet. . . . Lead-off "man" and second baseman for the Fort Sheridan (Ill.) post softball team is **Lorraine Worth,** a Waac, who used to play with a barnstorming team out of Kalamazoo, Mich. . . . **Jimmy Dykes'** two sons joined the Navy because their pop assured them they would always have a clean place to sleep. . . . **Si Johnson,** the 37-year-old Phillie pitcher, and **Ellis Clary,** Washington's young third baseman, are ticketed for induction. Clary already has four brothers in the Army. . . . Navy commissions for two more football coaches, **Don Faurot** of Missouri and **Glenn Presnell** of Nebraska. . . . **Tom Kuzma,** Michigan's All-American halfback, is recovering from a lung ailment in an Army hospital in Colorado.

One look at **Lt. (jg) Joe McCloskey** and you immediately come to the conclusion that those Navy pre-flight obstacle courses must be good. Joe, who is 31, won the 3,000-meter steeplechase at the AAU Championships for the ninth time and never looked better. He has been running these things for 18 years. . . . The Marine Corps has **Sgt. Barney Ross** back in the hospital for treatment of a knee wound and malaria he brought back from Guadalcanal. . . . **Lt. (jg) Cliff Montgomery,** captain of Columbia's 1934 Rose Bowl team, now commands one of the Navy's smaller fighting craft.

The first pro footballer to be decorated in this war was **Ensign Jack Tripson** of the 1941 Detroit Lions. He received the Navy Cross for gallantry during landing operations in North Africa. . . . **Pvt. Frank Dixon,** NYU's great miler, probably got it in the neck from his first sergeant at Camp Lee, Va., for overstaying his three-day pass in New York. Dixon came up to see the Haegg race and really missed the train back to camp. . . . This isn't the place for it, but he thought we ought to tell you that the Washington Senators are furnishing visiting teams with Chinese bat boys.

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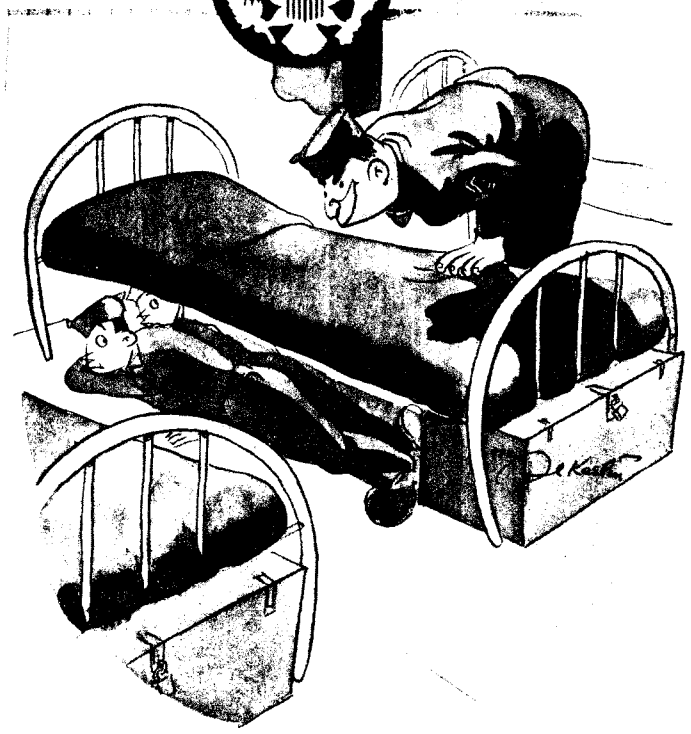
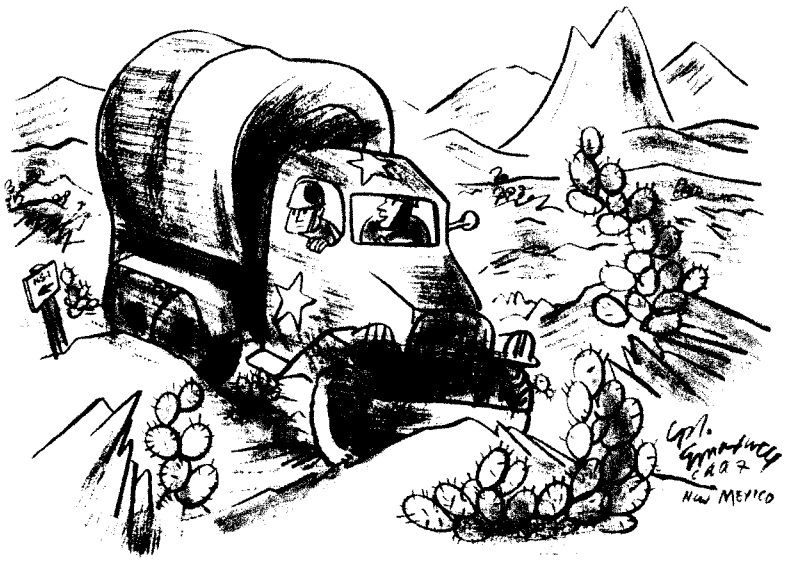
THE ARMY WEEKLY

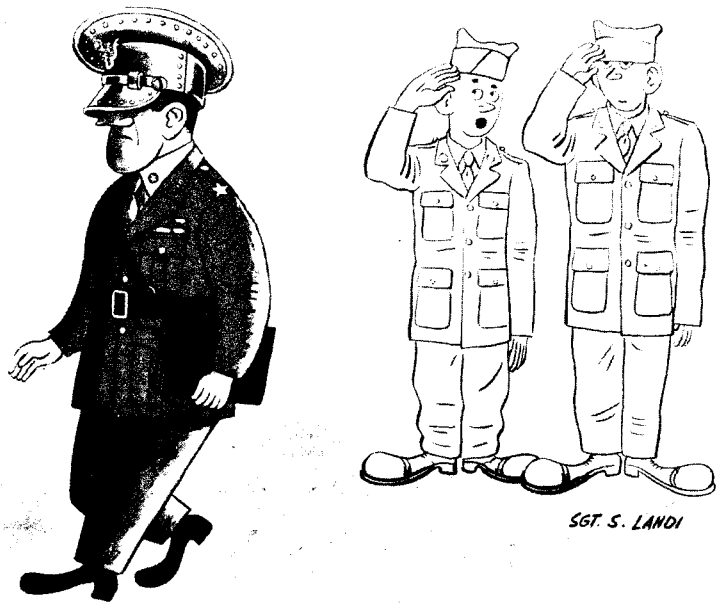


"DID EITHER OF YOU GENTLEMEN CARE TO VOLUNTEER FOR A LITTLE SPECIAL DETAIL?"
—Pfc. Al Kaelin, Tobyhanna, Pa.



"I CAN REMEMBER WHEN THERE WASN'T A ROAD THROUGH HERE."
—Cpl. E. Maxwell, AAF Bombardier School, Carlsbad, N. Mex.

"I SAID 'POLICE UP'!"
—Cpl. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.



"MUST BE ONE OF THOSE BRASS HATS WE'VE HEARD ABOUT."
—Sgt. Sydney Landi, Antiaircraft Command, Richmond, Va.

"THE COUNT IS NOW 2 AND 3 ON LOMBARDI AND THE CROWD IS GOING WILD."
—Pfc. H. N. Carlson, Truax Field, Wis.

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